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AS WE WRITE these lines Austria's workers are fighting a life-and-death battle with fascism which, in the guise of the Dollfuss Heimwehr, is threatening to choke—and will choke—their labor movement. When the Social Democratic Party gave the signal of opposition, the outcome was already decided. For months past labor had permitted the Heimwehr to capture position after position and had offered no resistance. The national and the state parliaments had ceased to function. The press and the political and industrial institutions of the labor movement had been paralyzed, and state and provincial authorities had been systematically captured by fascism without serious opposition. So well had Austria's celebrated miniature Napoleon laid his plans for the coming coup d'etat that he could travel to Budapest calm in the knowledge that his official representative, Vice-Chancellor Fey, would strike the fatal blow against the Social Democracy. This was done in accordance with approved fascist methods. The Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* was suppressed and the national office of the Social Democratic Party was occupied. Against all expectations, the Austrian Social Democracy, numerically the largest party in the country, with an organization that has in its ranks every sixth adult in Vienna and every tenth in the nation, determined to die a hero's death. It decided, in the twelfth hour, not to follow the unresisting example of the party in Germany. It is too early to prophesy what the next weeks in Austria will bring. But the general line is clear: Austria will be "totalized," the last remnants of democracy will disappear, and a fascist government à la Mussolini will establish its dictatorship over the nation. Step by step, Austria will follow in Germany's footsteps, and Anschluss will come, France and Italy notwithstanding. The Germany of Hitler, who has won the support of a large part of the Austrian population, is stronger than any other single Power. The differences between the various groups opposed to his rule are too deep to be bridged for a common front against Nazi Germany. A victorious fascism has raised its flag on what was once one of the strongest citadels of bourgeois democracy.

ALTHOUGH THE ACTION of the federal government in canceling all the air-mail contracts may appear drastic, it is at least refreshing to find an Administration which errs in the direction of too little instead of too much tenderness toward business. It may be argued that not all the air lines are involved in the scandals, of which ugly details have been oozing out lately in Washington, and that no company should be proceeded against until there is evidence that it had its snout in the swill. On this point we are disposed to reserve judgment until we learn what the government has up its sleeve. In any event, with Walter F. Brown, Mr. Hoover's Postmaster-General, trying to hide evidence, and William P. MacCracken, Jr., Mr. Hoover's Assistant Secretary of Commerce, allowing correspondence under subpoena by the Senate to be taken away from his office to be destroyed, it is obvious that the letting of air-mail contracts was done under such shady circumstances as to warrant upsetting the whole procedure on broad grounds of public policy. The air mails have been carried at a huge loss, and it is a question whether any but a few long-distance routes should be continued. The argument for ship subsidies, that an American merchant marine helps our foreign trade, does not hold with air lines, as they do not carry freight, and their passengers are persons who ought to pay for the service on a commercial basis if they have it at all. Meanwhile it is a pity that Charles A. Lindbergh's fingers have had to be burned to pull the aviation companies' chestnuts out of the fire. His motives in writing to the President may have been ever so disinterested, but the public will recall the handsome block of airplane stock which he received as a gift and come to unflattering conclusions.

AIR-MAIL CONTRACTS being what they are, the President has ordered the mail to be carried in army airplanes—including no doubt some of those on which the manufacturers made as much as 100 per cent profit. Ship-mail subsidies have already been shown to have the disinterested purity of a Tammany sewer contract. And when Mr. MacCracken and others are finally induced to tell the full story of what has been going in and out of the filing cabinets of the Post Office Department during the past few years, we shall probably witness a great public movement to revive

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the pony express. Meanwhile five army officers have testified before a federal grand jury on "allegedly improper methods of contract award under the $10,000,000 army-motorization program," and it is rumored that five indictments are pending—giving the grand jury a perfect score, or one indictment for every witness examined. So much for government contracts, be they made on land, sea, or in the air. Considering the nature and number of the scandals that have broken lately, we can only be grateful for the courage of Secretary Ickes (who has had a little contract trouble himself). He took advantage of a lull between the bursting bombs of two Senate committee hearings to announce that we were rapidly approaching a Utopia of social service and that all abuses would shortly be wiped out. *Sic semper Kiwanis!*

PUBLIC CONTROL of the security markets is now assured—and far more drastic control than was suggested by the Administration's committee, whose report was criticized for its weakness in these columns two weeks ago. The Fletcher-Rayburn bill now before Congress is designed to give the Federal Trade Commission complete power directly to control and regulate all the operations of the organized exchanges, including such detailed matters as the election of officers, the commissions of members, rules of conduct, and hours of trading. In addition, the bill places under definite legislative ban—not subject to the discretion of the federal authorities—a wide variety of current market practices: excessive margin buying, wash sales, pool operations, pegging of prices, corners, and so on. The bill further requires all corporations whose securities are registered on the exchanges to fulfil a long list of specific requirements as to accounting and the reporting of financial and operating statistics. Their officers, directors, and principal stockholders are required publicly to report their dealings in the securities of their own companies and are forbidden to disclose confidential information, to indulge in fictitious sales of stock, or even to purchase their own shares with the intention of selling them within six months.

IN ITS BROAD PURPOSE and scope this bill should, and will, have the support of the American people, even though in details it is subject to serious criticism. The operations of one of the most important and sensitive mechanisms of our entire financial structure should no longer be left under the unrestricted control of those who can make a profit from its manipulation at the public's expense. However, the report on the securities markets by the Twentieth Century Fund, which was presented to the President the day before the Fletcher bill was introduced, discloses important areas of the field which have been inadequately covered by the bill. For example, in the Fletcher measure regulation of the over-the-counter markets is left to the discretion of the Trade Commission, and corporations whose securities are not listed on the exchanges—including the Ford Motor Company and a host of other important concerns—are left completely out of the web of federal authority. Not only would these gaps allow existing abuses to continue in the unrestricted regions, but they would lure trading out of the exchanges into the over-the-counter markets and create an incentive to avoid listing securities. The Fund's report urges that the same rigid standards be applied to unorganized trading and unlisted companies as to the exchanges and listed concerns.

THE LONG-AWAITED PROGRAM for the control of the sugar industry has been transmitted by President Roosevelt to Congress. The President recommends quotas to limit the production of sugar by the various sugar-producing groups, both domestic and foreign. The domestic quota for the sugar-beet producers is placed at 1,450,000 tons, a decline of 300,000 tons from the amount produced in 1933, but a slight increase over the amount consumed in that year; the Louisiana and Florida cane growers are set a quota of 260,000 tons, 10,000 more than the amount produced in 1933; the Hawaiian and Puerto Rican quotas are substantially the same; the Philippine quota is cut almost 300,000 tons, and to the Cuban producers, whose quota is set at 1,944,000, are given 300,000 tons more than were consumed in 1933. A processing tax is recommended for the sugar industry, but a possible resulting rise in the price to the consumer is offset by a decrease in the tariff to correspond with the amount of the tax. Cuba has contended right along that a quota of considerably more than 2,000,000 tons was necessary for its economic salvation—sugar production in Cuba for 1933 amounted to 2,500,000 tons. President Mendieta described the Cubans as frankly disappointed that they did not receive a higher quota and a real tariff reduction. At the same time it is extremely unlikely that the domestic producers will be pleased by a larger Cuban quota and one for themselves considerably smaller than last year's total. The only trump in the message was the threat from the President that if the present quota system did not work he would be forced to consider putting sugar on the free list. This ought to make the sugar trust behave for a while anyway.

PENNSYLVANIA'S 35,000 insurgent anthracite miners have won the fight for recognition of their independent union and are back at work filling orders more than a month behind schedule. Unfortunately their victory is not as clean-cut as it would seem at first. Their grievance against the coal operators, who are the largest and most powerful in the country, will be heard by an impartial umpire acting with federal authority, and the operators have agreed there shall be no discrimination against the new union. The Anthracite Conciliation Board, composed of three coal operators and three officials of the United Mine Workers, the old-line union, will serve merely in an advisory capacity and not, as originally planned, as a judicial body. But the umpire has intimated that his hearings will have as their chief purpose peace overtures to have the conservative U. M. W. readmit the rebels rather than separate recognition of the dual unions. The leaders of the insurgent movement, expelled by the Lewis steam-roller type of bossism two years ago, will be reinstated, and the opposition movement, left leaderless, will naturally collapse. What the workers themselves will have to say about the situation is another matter. Certainly federal intervention between two unions has won itself no laurels, and has broken a strike which would have been won unconditionally by the miners in a few days.

TWO WARNINGS meriting special attention are to be found in the report of the commission of economists and engineers appointed by Nicholas Murray Butler a year ago to study the question of economic recovery. Doubtless with the monopolistic aspects of the NRA codes in mind, the commission declares that "competitive limitation of output

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by organized industries" should be avoided. The belief "that a deliberate limitation of output, because it raises prices, helps toward recovery" is termed a dangerous fallacy. In another place the report holds that a price rise which has been artificially stimulated "is not a sign of returning prosperity"; a rise in prices is healthy only when it actually reflects growing demand. While these two points are so obvious that they hardly need argument, they have not been receiving the attention in Washington that they deserve. It is only by producing goods, that is, by creating new wealth, that we can hope to prosper. If these goods tend to pile up in certain quarters while large sections of the population have to do without, that is not the fault of production but of distribution. The unequal distribution cannot be corrected by limiting production, for though that course may reduce stored surpluses and so raise prices and incidentally profit margins, it will still leave vast numbers of persons without their share of goods and without purchasing power. Nor can a price rise brought about by any other artificial means effect a more equitable distribution of goods, for purchasing power in terms of wages and salaries is bound to lag behind. Even if wages are increased at the same rate as prices, there will obviously be no net gain in purchasing power. The answer, of course, is that wage-income must on the whole go up faster than the price level. The Administration has not ignored the question of wage-income altogether, but has lately been disposed to subordinate it to raising prices. The emphasis should be just the other way round.

ABOUT A MONTH AGO New Yorkers were requested not to give any more money to street beggars, whose numbers have steadily increased during the past year or so, and the police were ordered to bring any persons found begging on the streets into court for examination and possible help. Of 370 such persons brought into night court from January 2 to January 24, 150 were found to be suffering from some disease—40 of these from venereal disease in an acute stage—110 were chronic alcoholics, 25 were chronic drug addicts of long standing, and many others were found to be more recently addicted to drugs. A large percentage of the men were habitual mendicants, one having a record of fifty-six arrests for vagrancy. Nearly half of them were over forty years of age, but 10 per cent were boys under twenty one. It is obvious that these men, free to roam the streets, sleep in public places, make use of public washrooms, and otherwise make direct contact with the population, constitute a serious menace to health. It is even more apparent that the community cannot fail to recognize its responsibility not only for general health but for the care of these particular unfortunates. The nickels and dimes which they may pick up from passers-by will hardly keep them in the liquor or drugs that they crave; such casual alms do nothing for the treatment of disease or the prevention of serious malnutrition. The New York newspapers on January 13 published a list of welfare agencies to which street beggars could be referred. But the public would direct them to such places with more confidence if a little more were known about the attention that they might be expected to receive. While we have an economic system which permits the existence of men such as these, we must at least insist that they be cared for.

Propaganda in Plays

WHEN the pacifist drama "Peace on Earth" opened at the Civic Repertory Theater it was roundly damned by nearly all the leading dramatic critics—including *The Nation's*. It has found, nevertheless, a considerable audience, and those who like to argue that the professional critic is an incompetent fellow will be pleased both with this particular case of his disagreement with a sizable public and also with what appears to be another equally striking instance. Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End" was almost as intensely disliked by most of the reviewers, and yet it too appears to be finding a body of enthusiastic spectators.

The critic may reply in his own defense that in both these cases the public which likes the plays is a highly specialized one, that it is composed in the one case of enthusiastic left-wing pacifists and in the other of equally enthusiastic Roman Catholics. He may argue even that persons who have very particular reasons to be pleased with what a play says or seems to say are the last ones likely to judge justly either its artistic merits or its real effectiveness as propaganda.

It seems to us that a play or a novel may possibly be of service to a social or philosophic idea in one or more of three quite separate ways. In the first place, it may be genuinely exploratory in the sense of seeking to discover and present new aspects of a subject. In the second place, it may aim to convince by argument those not already convinced; and, finally, it may, like the typical political rally, which does not exist primarily either to present new arguments or to convince members of the opposing party, seek merely to sustain or intensify the enthusiasm of the convinced partisan. Neither the second nor the third of these possible aims can be called a genuinely artistic aim, but both are perfectly legitimate methods of propaganda.

To us it appears that neither "Peace on Earth" nor "Days Without End" is likely to be very effective as argument, or actually to make many converts to pacifism or the church. Alike in this, the two plays differ widely from each other in other respects. Mr. O'Neill's drama is exploratory. It does seem to present pretty directly a recent emotional experience and to be concerned chiefly with dramatizing the more or less novel aspects of that experience. On the other hand, "Peace on Earth" seems based largely upon the accepted arguments. It is entirely impersonal, and it presents no aspect of its subject which can be called genuinely new, or even unfamiliar. Its effectiveness, therefore, depends almost entirely upon its power to heighten the enthusiasm of those who have already accepted its point of view. It is analogous to a political rally or a patriotic song.

Perhaps it would be well if those who write plays or novels with a purpose would decide definitely and in the beginning to what extent they hope to be effective in each of the three ways we have suggested as possible. Certainly "Peace on Earth" would be even more effective than it is if the purely perfunctory arguments were removed entirely and the play presented quite frankly from the point of view of those to whom the arguments had become unnecessary. As they stand, they will convince no one not already convinced and they slow up the action.

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France Faces Fascism

FEBRUARY 6, 1934, may become a significant date in French history. The current year may bring a change in government, if not as important as that of 1789, comparable at least to that of 1815, 1830, 1848, and 1871. This is not to say that fascism, as it exists in Italy and Germany, has seized the reins in France or is immediately likely to do so. So far as can be discerned, there is no leader and no organization for such a change at the moment, and an even greater resistance exists in the hostility of the French temper to a dictatorial regime. At the same time it is safe to predict that parliamentary government as it has flourished in the Third Republic will not return to France. Already plans are under discussion for restricting the powers of the Chamber of Deputies and increasing those of the President of the republic and the Cabinet. As somebody has playfully put it, the King of England reigns but doesn't rule, the President of the United States rules but doesn't reign, while the President of France neither rules nor reigns.

Gaston Doumergue, the unaggressive and democratic head of the coalition Cabinet, known among his friends as "Little Gaston," is not a fascist. But though the former President and present Premier of France is not the stuff that dictators are made of, his Cabinet is strongly Right, containing the nationalistic André Tardieu—who because of his fishy and predatory face has gained the nickname "Pike"—and a considerable number of those who served under him when he was Prime Minister. Nor is there assurance that the Premier or the Cabinet as now constituted will last any time. The Premier himself and three others of his Cabinet are over seventy years old, while the average age is estimated at fifty-eight, which seems hardly in keeping with the youthfulness of most of those in the recent street demonstrations in Paris.

Considerable shifts in the Cabinet are likely, even if nominally it continues in power, and it is in these probable changes that fascism raises itself as a more definite and dangerous possibility than hitherto. For the moment the new regime, like the Roosevelt Administration, is likely to seek its ends through the pressure of public sentiment rather than frank force, but events—especially abroad—may compel a change of policy in Paris much sooner than in Washington. Nor should it be forgotten that the uprisings which culminated in the shooting of demonstrators on February 6 were overwhelmingly Right in character, and it was not until the Daladier Government had been forced out that labor and radical elements staged their protests against what they regarded as fascist tactics. It is an exaggeration to say of those early and most serious disturbances, as did the Socialist newspaper *Le Populaire,* that they were "prepared with method by fascist formations" and constituted an "armed plot against the republican regime." There were as many colors of shirts on the streets of Paris on February 6 as there are hues in the rainbow. The only considerable group with a definite objective was Léon Daudet's royalists, and of all conceivable eventualities in France the restoration of a monarchy is the least likely.

Yet the crowds which participated in the demonstrations leading to the fall of the Daladier Government were predominantly conservative, not to say reactionary, in sentiment. They represented an upsurge against the impotence and knavery of their government, baffled by the economic crisis and discredited by the ramifications of the Stavisky swindle. Actually, the dissatisfaction, as in other industrialized states, is due to the exploitation of the average man by a political machine run in the interest of profit-making business. But as usual the masses cannot see that deep. Their protest is directed against the most vocal and publicly conducted government function, which happens, paradoxically, to be their own closest expression—that is, the popularly elected legislature. In the United States, where there has been a growing clamor against the ways of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt rightly interpreted his great vote as a mandate to ride rough shod over Congress, if necessary, toward his ends. In France the formation of a non-party coalition Cabinet is taken by its members as a popular demand to restrict parliamentary government. Whatever the variations of fascism in different countries, it has at least one fundamental and common characteristic—contempt for popularly elected legislative bodies. Of course this sentiment is fanned faithfully by the press and other bell-hops of business, but it is by no means so much the conscious creation of the great industrialists as many radicals believe. Business men in France, as in the United States, are less gods than bewildered office boys, with too much in their pockets and too little in their heads.

Perhaps the most articulate and sinister immediate demand of the opposition to Daladier, before and since his fall, has been that for the reinstatement of Jean Chiappe, formerly head of the Paris police. Daladier, in his short term in office, summarily dismissed Chiappe, as he richly deserved. He is a policeman-politician—meaning nine-tenths politician to one-tenth policeman—who acquired through his job a château, a racing stable, and a lot of crooked cronies. Among his pals is New York's own ex-Mayor Walker. More important, Chiappe appeared publicly with Stavisky when the police were supposed to be trying to arrest the swindler. Although Stavisky was posing then under another name, his identity can hardly have been unknown to the police chief. There is a maze of financial skulduggery behind Chiappe. In the orderly and impressive general strike of labor and radical organizations on February 12 marchers chanted a demand for his imprisonment, and what the new government does with him will be a straw in the wind.

Meanwhile the outside world will be more alive to the new government's attitude toward Germany. The presence of Tardieu and Barthou in the directorate of four which is to handle foreign affairs—the other two men are Herriot and the Premier himself—suggests a stiffer policy toward the Reich. Probably this is in line with the temper of most Frenchmen, although Jules Sauerwein of *Le Soir* is with better vision advocating a politico-economic rapprochement, and would have France act as an arbiter in the effort of England, Russia, and Italy to keep German influence from spreading in Central and Eastern Europe.

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Mr. Strachey's Views

WE are glad to publish in this issue the thoughtful criticism by Professor P. T. Ellsworth of the three articles by John Strachey recently printed in these pages. What particularly interests us in Professor Ellsworth's analysis is his failure to attack the roots of Mr. Strachey's argument, although he successfully lops off several branches of illogic. Mr. Strachey's chief contention was that the various devices of the recovery program tend to accentuate the very characteristics of capitalism which are responsible for recurrent crises such as the present one. Over-expansion of credit, the trend toward monopoly, rapid mechanization—all these are being stimulated by the Roosevelt program, yet they were among the accepted causes of disaster. Why, then, asks Mr. Strachey, are we not breeding more disaster? Professor Ellsworth succeeds, we think, in demonstrating certain fallacies in this reasoning. He points out, or rather he quotes Mr. Keynes as pointing out, that while an expansion of credit may act as a dangerous stimulant during a period of increasing business, it may have a restorative effect when applied in the low stages of depression. But does this effectively dispose of Mr. Strachey's fundamental fears? If credit is pumped into a declining market, either it fails to take effect, merely creating new debts and more depression, or it starts a recovery that may get out of hand and become a boom. But Professor Ellsworth agrees that during a boom expansion of credit may have dangerous effects. At what point, after the upturn, does the danger arise? We suggest that one danger-point is reached when the government begins to make loans to business. Government credit extended to railroads and banks, which are closely regulated and supervised by public authority, is questionable enough, but direct advances to manufacturing concerns, such as are now said to be contemplated in Washington, are charged with qualities that may become explosive. To use taxpayers' money to bolster up private companies for the sake of future profits is not only dubious economics but dangerous politics as well. It is far better to put money directly into the pockets of consumers—through wages or through doles—and let business expand as the capacity to buy increases. Although this process, too, is a form of expansion and conceals many seeds of future trouble, it has the advantage of working from below up, creating purchasing power first and letting profits follow upon increased demand, rather than subsidizing profits and hoping that purchasing power will tag along behind. Mr. Strachey may have failed to buttress sufficiently his case against credit inflation, but we believe it is a good case.

And how about monopoly? Professor Ellsworth sharply attacks Mr. Strachey for asserting that the tendency toward monopoly works to destroy the middle-class market—upon which recovery depends. Even when monopolies crowd out smaller enterprises, he asserts, the former "small capitalist and his assistants more often than not become not members of the proletariat but retainers of the new combination or recipients of its dividends," and ". . . as consumers they may be even more effective." They may, and yet every day we read of the bitter complaints pouring in upon the NRA from independent producers, not bought out but forced out of business by combinations and monopolistic agreements which have developed under the NRA. Indeed, a chief attack upon the Recovery Administration centers upon just this destructive tendency. The further limitation of the market through "oppression of consumers at large"—by which we take it he means increased prices—the professor admits.

In regard to the growth of mechanization and consequent increased unemployment, Mr. Strachey's critic largely supports his views. But to combat these effects of mechanization he proposes the dubious expedient of longer hours and lower wages—a conclusion we are sure Mr. Strachey would not support. Rather he—and we—would insist that the government enforce its minimum-wage regulations, set shorter working hours, let unions be free to fight for better standards above the minimums, and encourage mechanical improvements. If men are thrown out of work as a result, it is up to the government to employ or feed them until industry gets on the move and begins to reabsorb them. If this fails to happen, still shorter hours should be introduced. Any branches of industry which cannot survive these measures as profit-making concerns should be turned into public corporations and run at full tilt on a broad program of reemployment and the widest distribution of the nation's goods. This, to be sure, would mean in considerable measure the end of the present system. But would anyone urge an alternative which involved starvation wages and a permanently deflated national economy?

Still the R. O. T. C.

IN the last few months the Reserve Officers' Training Corps has taken three steps forward and one large, handsome step back in its march toward compulsory military training in the colleges. In Ohio State University, where the question has for years been a lively one, with students agitating for voluntary as opposed to compulsory military drill, and faculty and trustees firmly set against such craven, unpatriotic notions, seven young men were dismissed for their refusal, because of conscientious scruples, to attend the course in military training. Two conscientious objectors to military training were suspended last fall from the University of California at Los Angeles. After a fruitless appeal to the university authorities, court action was undertaken in behalf of the two students, but the California Supreme Court refused their plea for reinstatement, citing as precedent the Coale case in Maryland.

The latter was the first in the series of steps referred to above, but probably the most important. Ennis Coale and Wayne Lees were suspended in 1932 from the University of Maryland because of their refusal to enrol in the military unit there. They appealed to the Board of Regents and to Governor Ritchie with no result, and they then proceeded to take their case to the courts. After a favorable decision in the Baltimore Superior Court, the Maryland Court of Appeals reversed the lower court's findings. The case was then appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which dismissed it for "want of a substantial federal question." Since all R. O. T. C. units, including the one at the University of Maryland, are controlled by the War Department and maintained for the training of reserve officers in the national army, the want of federal jurisdiction is at least

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open to question. Moreover, the federal Constitution has ordinarily been thought to contain protective guaranties to conscientious objectors to military service. It is evident, however, that the Coale case will continue to serve as a precedent in questions of objection to the R. O. T. C., and attempts should be made to set up contrary precedents wherever possible.

As an admirable step in the direction of a more lenient attitude toward military training, the action recently taken at De Pauw University may be cited. On January 23 the Board of Trustees voted, thirty-three to two, to request the War Department to withdraw the R. O. T. C. from the De Pauw curriculum at the end of the present school year. Thus ends a nine-year fight to abolish military drill carried on by students and faculty with the unceasing help of G. Bromley Oxnam, president of the university. President Oxnam has of course been subjected to the sharpest criticism, and has even been the recipient of threats from the War Department for his unpatriotic attitude, but he has persevered, and the trustees' action is the result. The most interesting thing about the De Pauw situation is that evidently military training is not even to be retained as an optional course. In defense of this position, the trustees declare that when military training has been optional, attendance at the course has declined so sharply that even a voluntary course has not seemed justified. In Wisconsin, where military training was made optional in 1923, attendance declined 62 per cent in five years; at City College in New York City, where the change was made in 1926, enrolment fell from 2,054 to 851 in 1931; at Northwestern, of a male undergraduate body of 1,600, only 120 were taking military drill in 1927. It would seem, therefore, that the majority of students will not take military drill unless they are forced to. And at a time when responsible statesmen, from the President of the United States down, are talking about peace, it is highly unbecoming for such coercion to come from a presumably educational institution.

Wanted: Less Cotton

THE farm-relief program of the present Administration has cost at least $800,000,000 to date. The Administration has nothing extensive to show for this outlay, although it must be admitted that certain features of the farm program were not expected to show positive results before 1934 or 1935. Reduction of wheat acreage, for example, began with this year's winter and spring crop. Nevertheless, the meagerness of definite gains has proved discouraging to the Administration. This is especially true with regard to the scheme adopted for relieving the cotton grower. While the Administration has not yet plainly said so, it has virtually confessed, by turning to consideration of other methods, that its cotton-control program has failed. When the farmers were induced to take ten million acres out of production, they naturally plowed under the poorest plants in the less fertile sections of their fields. By thus leaving the better-producing plants to be harvested, they brought about an inevitable increase in the yield per plant and per acre. In addition, many of the farmers used the direct grants and cash loans they received from the government to buy extra fertilizer, which, of course, also increased the yield. As a result, though the total acreage harvested was reduced about 25 per cent, the 1933 crop was equal to that of the year before when no control was exercised.

Several substitutes for the present control plan are now under consideration. The Bankhead bill, awaiting action in the Senate, would limit the ginning of cotton to a total of 9,000,000 bales in any one year. The President and Secretary Wallace favor this plan, but Senator Bankhead recognizes that it may be impossible to limit production to the figure proposed. Despite the control measures taken, the 1933 output amounted to more than 13,000,000 bales. Thus, if any surplus is produced, it is likely that the growers will seek to bootleg their surplus into commercial channels rather than destroy it. This inevitably would defeat the purpose of the Bankhead plan, which is to hold up the price structure by limiting output. The Alabama Senator believes this might be remedied by licensing private ginners to take over the surplus and keep it out of the market. The additional cotton thus ginned would be applied to the quota of the following year. But any reduction in the quota of new cotton to be ginned would tend to leave a still larger surplus for that year. In the end, unless actual production were rigidly restricted by law or persuasion, the Bankhead plan would undoubtedly break down. Nor is the suggestion that prices be held up by keeping a certain percentage of the crop off the market likely to prove workable. The Hoover Farm Board tried something of the sort in connection with both cotton and grains, but without success. On the contrary, the mere knowledge that such a surplus store was in existence was enough to depress prices, for every trader feared that it would eventually be dumped upon the market.

Some groups in Washington look with favor upon a scheme for limiting output by assigning a production quota to each farmer and placing a heavy tax, perhaps five cents a pound, on the cotton he raises in excess of his quota. Of course, the tax could hardly be levied unless the farmer offered his surplus cotton for sale. It was first suggested that the cotton growers be licensed, the idea presumably being that those planters who persistently raised and sought to market more cotton than their permits called for should have their licenses revoked and their right to raise any cotton at all withdrawn. The President, however, expressed doubts as to the legality of any such arrangement. Granting that the farm problem can be solved by control of production, the tax scheme is probably the most workable and equitable of the proposals thus far advanced to that end. But it also has its limitations and weaknesses. The farmer with a surplus on his hands would be tempted to dispose of it by surreptitious methods. To prevent such bootlegging the most rigid control would have to be exercised not only over brokers who buy directly from the planters but over all ginners and processors of cotton. The tax scheme would represent a complete reversal of the farm policies followed by the last three or four administrations in Washington. Hitherto it has been considered necessary to relieve the farmers by loans—of which something like $2,300,000,000 are now outstanding—or by subsidies in one form or another. The suggestion that the farmer now be penalized for producing more than the market will consume strikes a new note. It would unquestionably take a great deal of political courage for the Roosevelt Administration to put such a plan into effect.

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Issues and Men

Wendell Phillips

THIS month marks the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Wendell Phillips. Chauncey M. Depew, who himself made more dinner addresses than any other American—though John H. Finley is now pressing Mr. Depew's record hard—once said that he had heard all the leading orators for a period of more than sixty years, including Webster, Clay, and Lincoln, and that to his mind Phillips was the greatest of them all. Certainly this Bostonian had much in his favor. His eloquence was great. He had a splendid appearance, a beautiful voice. His was the culture of Harvard and Boston's Back Bay. An aristocrat to his finger tips, he was also a great democrat who cheerfully sacrificed family position, a high standing at the bar, a great political career, his Harvard associations, and an unsurpassed social position when he took up the cause of the slave.

William Lloyd Garrison declared that Wendell Phillips made the greatest sacrifices of all the Abolitionists in joining the ranks of those hated, despised, and feared trouble-makers whose offense was solely that they desired to put an end to the purchase and sale on the auction block of American men, women, and children. Garrison was, as Lowell described him, "poor, unlettered, and obscure" when he took up the cause of the slaves. Most of his early followers were similarly obscure, or belonged to the genus crank. Later many others of social importance and personal charm joined the ranks. But none paid the price that his appeals for freedom cost Wendell Phillips. I have not yet found any evidence that he was aware of it, or that he dwelt upon his losses in following the dictates of his conscience. He just went ahead, saw his old friends fall away from him, saw his university turn its back upon him—it never forgave him as long as he lived, not even when he was laid away in the historic old churchyard on Tremont Street, next to the Park Street church. He had taken the case for humanity, accepted a retainer, and that was all there was to that. Mobbing came as a matter of course. Why not? He was not dragged by a mob through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist like Garrison, but that was a mere accident. Those who thus laid hands on Garrison were men of broadcloth, Phillips's own kind, and they must have felt particularly outraged because Phillips was a traitor to his class and refused to be silenced by their hostility and their ostracism.

As an orator he had complete control of his audiences. There might be interrupters; their wits could not compete with his. It was the fashion in his day to make long and abstruse orations. It was the custom, also, to embellish a speech with flowery passages, and to make far-reaching prophecies. Thus Wendell Phillips declared that the colored liberator of Haiti, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was greater than Washington and would be remembered when Washington was forgotten. He had the weakness of the reformer, who feels passionately and who easily finds the word to denounce and to castigate. None the less, few could resist his charm and his eloquence.

I have been moved to record this man of a bygone generation, and to make this interlude in my weekly discussions of current problems, not merely because of its being the fiftieth anniversary of the month that saw the traffic of Tremont Street stopped while they laid him away near men who had devoted their lives to the struggle for independence, when there came to acclaim him many who years before would cheerfully have ridden him out of town on a rail. I wish to recall him because of a recent cult which has found its expression in denouncing the Abolitionists and charging them not only with the sole responsibility for the Civil War but with all the errors and misdeeds of Reconstruction. Just as one group of biographers has been exposing the nakedness of so many of our great men of the past, so this new school of historical writers has seen nothing to praise in the Abolitionists. What was the offense of these men and women? It was telling the truth about a monstrous human institution that no living American, North or South, would today wish to see restored, and making no compromise, political or moral, with the advocates of that accursed system. Because it was accursed and bloody and revolting and barbarous, they applied the proper terms to it and used the fitting adjectives. Because those adjectives were virile and vehement and often vituperative, they are charged with having alone aroused the passions of the country so that it finally went to war. Nothing could be more superficial than this reasoning. It was the direful institution itself which brought on the war, for it was idle to expect that all men could look upon its horrors, its indecencies, and the injury that it was doing to the United States and keep silent. If it had not been vile it could not have been successfully attacked. There had to be men to speak out. If there had not been Phillipses and Frederick Douglasses and Birneys and Sumners and Garrisons, others must have appeared. It was idle to expect men who felt as deeply as these did to use polite parlor conversation in dealing with this brutal and inhuman institution. That they aroused passion is true, but the Civil War came not because of that but because of the land hunger of the South, the Kansas and Nebraska struggle, the follies of politicians, and the final sudden recognition that the country could not survive half slave and half free.

When slavery was finished many Abolitionists laid aside their pens and gave up the platform. But Wendell Phillips was enlisted for life. He was one of the first to discover a labor movement in the United States and to champion it. As he had discovered the economic background of slavery, so he discovered the economic reasons for many of our social ills, and against them he warred until the end of his days. Today his patriotism is beyond question, his readiness to sacrifice all he possessed to fight the battle of others beyond aspersion.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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"We need men of action such as they have in Italy and Germany who are leading their countries triumphantly out of the slump.....blah.. blah.....blah.....blah.....blah.....blah.."
HITLER'S GERMANY
ESTIMATED UNEMPLOYED: 6,000,000.
FALL IN TRADE UNDER HITLER (9 months) £35,000,000
ESTIMATED DEFICIT: ??? (HELP!) ??
BURDEN OF TAXES UP SEVERAL TIMES OVER
WAGES DOWN 20%
PRICES UP IN THE AIR
MUSSOLINI'S ITALY
ADMITTED UNEMPLOYED: 1000,000 (REALLY MANY MORE)
DECLINE IN TRADE LAST YEAR: £50,000,000
DEFICIT LAST YEAR: £70,000,000
EXPECTED DEFICIT THIS YEAR: £30,000,000
21,000 BANKRUPTCIES (1932)
LOWEST WAGES IN INDUSTRIAL WORLD
THE DAILY SHIRT
LOW

"— BUT WHAT HAVE THEY GOT IN THEIR OTHER HANDS, NANNY?"

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Can the League Be Saved?

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, December 31, 1933

THE year that ends today has been the most critical in the short history of the League of Nations, which held its first Assembly at Geneva just thirteen years ago. On March 27 the Japanese government gave the requisite two years' notice of its intention to withdraw from the League, in consequence of the unanimous adoption by the Assembly on February 24 of a report on the conflict between China and Japan which was accepted by China and rejected by Japan. The League capitulated to Japan and the report is a dead letter. This was a serious blow to the prestige and influence of the League. A second blow was the failure of the World Economic and Monetary Conference, held in London in the summer, for which the government of the United States was chiefly responsible. The third blow and the worst of all was the failure of the Disarmament Conference, which passed through a series of crises during the year, culminating on October 14 in Germany's notice of withdrawal from the conference and the League. It was not the withdrawal of Germany that injured the League—had it been met in the right way it would have injured only Germany—but the helplessness and poltroonery of the other Great Powers, which, although they had previously agreed on a policy, were thrown into confusion. After vainly trying to agree on the course to be adopted in regard to Germany, they escaped from the deadlock by falling back on "diplomatic conversations" between Germany and each of the other Powers, and on November 22 the Steering Committee of the conference agreed without discussion to adjourn until January the meeting of the General Commission fixed for December 4, in order to give time for these conversations. The president, Arthur Henderson, was left to fix the exact date in January at which the General Commission should meet, which was to be during or after the session of the League Council, which begins on January 15.

To pretend that these events have not discredited the League of Nations and destroyed most of the little influence it possessed would be not optimism but imbecility. The reputation of the League is not saved by its success in settling the dispute between Colombia and Peru or by the probability that its action will be successful in the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. Nor is it saved by the effective work done in the matter of limiting the manufacture and regulating the distribution of narcotic drugs, useful as that work no doubt is. The primary purpose for which the League exists is that of maintaining peace and order in the world, and it fails in that purpose if it succeeds in settling only minor disputes in which no Great Power is directly or indirectly involved, and allows the Great Powers to do as they please and defy the League with impunity. It will be no consolation to the survivors of the next war, standing amid the ruins of European civilization, to know that the League of Nations succeeded in diminishing the number of opium smokers.

Encouraged by the success of the Japanese and of Hitler, Mussolini had his little hit at the League. A few weeks ago the Fascist Grand Council adopted a resolution declaring that Italy could not remain in the League unless the Covenant were radically amended. The sense in which it was to be amended was made clear by the Fascist press. The League was to be put under the control of a junta of the Great Powers, that is to say, suppressed for all practical purposes. This impudent proposal justifies those of us who said last March that the Four-Power Pact was intended by Mussolini to be a substitute for the League of Nations, at any rate so far as Europe was concerned. The resolution of the Fascist Grand Council would normally have been followed by a formal proposal on the part of Italy for the amendment of the Covenant, but we now hear that there is no intention of making any such proposal. Evidently Mussolini was merely flying a kite. Whether or not he will carry the matter any farther depends on the British and the French.

Discredited and impotent as the League is, there is no reason why it should not survive and even become stronger than it has yet been. The League of Nations is a piece of machinery and the way in which it works depends on the machinists, that is to say, in practice, on the governments of the Great Powers, which alone are responsible for its failure. The British government has the greatest responsibility of all. It prevented any action against Japan and it has wrecked, one after the other, every promising proposal made at the Disarmament Conference, including the Hoover plan, without making any proposal of its own except MacDonald's draft convention, which was mainly a convention for the immediate and almost complete disarmament of Germany on land. Had the Germans had the sense to accept the draft convention at once as it stood, on condition that it should not be amended, as they finally did when it was too late, it would have been a bad day for Europe. The truth is that Ramsay MacDonald dislikes the League of Nations as much as Mussolini and Hitler do, and he jumped at the opportunity given by Mussolini's proposal of the Four-Power Pact to get rid of the League in practice and put Europe under a directorate of four Great Powers, a new Holy Alliance. It is even possible that he instigated Mussolini to make the proposal. On the one hand, MacDonald hates France and regards the "Small Powers" as nuisances, and on the other, his political evolution, if so it can be called, is bringing him nearer and nearer to fascism and Hitlerism. He has the spirit of a dictator without any of the qualities necessary to dictatorship, for he has a foggy mind and lacks both courage and decision, and his vanity is so colossal that every question is for him a personal question. He is an international calamity, as I said in 1924, when he was Prime Minister in the first Labor Cabinet. It is a misfortune to the world that at this critical moment England should have such a Prime Minister as MacDonald and such a Foreign Secretary as Sir John Simon. The result of their disjointed efforts—for they are at daggers drawn—is that the British government is distrusted all over Europe.

The French government has made bunder after blunder through lack of courage and independence. It has allowed itself to be dominated by the British government to such a

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point that France is in danger of losing all her allies and then being isolated by England, Germany, and Italy. The tardy recognition of that fact seems at last to have caused a change in Paris, thanks largely to Herriot's influence, and there seems to be some chance that the French government will now have a policy of its own. It was a blunder on the part of France to have anything to do with the Four-Power Pact. It was a blunder to join in the "friendly representations" to Hitler about Austria, which enabled that gentleman, with Mussolini's encouragement, to inflict a humiliating rebuff on the governments of the two greatest European Powers. Hitler's success in that matter undoubtedly encouraged him to further audacities, which have been successful. The French government made the greatest blunder of all when it consented to join in the "direct conversations" with Germany after the German government left Geneva in October. The obvious reply to the German departure was to ask the Council of the League for an inquiry into German armaments under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. Had the French had the courage to take that course, the British government would not have dared at that moment to oppose it. Italy could not have prevented an inquiry, for the case is one in which unanimity is not required and the Council can decide by a majority. Probably Hitler would have refused to allow an inquiry, and it would then have been necessary to resort to "sanctions"; but they will have to be resorted to some day if European civilization is to be saved. The alternative is a war a few years hence. Better an economic blockade of Germany or even a military occupation now than a war in which European civilization will perish. It would perish even if the other nations were ready to give Hitler all he wants and thus avoid war, for the Nazi movement is a frontal attack on Western civilization. It aims deliberately at a return to the Dark Ages. The Nazi regime is Al Capone and the Ku Klux Klan in power.

The French government has one excuse—namely, that, except for a few cases such as that of an inquiry into German armaments, unanimity is required for all decisions of the Council or Assembly of the League. It is the rule of unanimity that paralyzes the League and is the fundamental cause of its failure. It is not surprising that the League has done so little. What is surprising is that it has done anything at all. People say that the League is nothing but an international debating society. What else could be expected? Would a parliament be anything but a national debating society if all its decisions had to be unanimous? One parliament in history, that of old Poland, had the system of the *liberum veto* and the results were very unsatisfactory. The League of Nations will never be effective until the rule of unanimity is done away with.

The suppression of this rule would, however, involve a fundamental change in the character of the League. The rule is the logical consequence of the fact that the League is based on the principle of national sovereignty, and that is the fundamental vice in its constitution, which doomed it to impotence from its birth. National sovereignty is incompatible with the existence of any society of nations, just as individual sovereignty would make any society of individuals impossible. National sovereignty, as the Belgian Senator Lafontaine said at one of the early Assemblies of the League, means the right to make war, and how can war be abolished so long as nations claim that right? National sovereignty means that every nation claims the right in the last resource to do whatever it pleases in what it believes to be its own interest, without regard to the interests of other nations and of the world community as a whole. What would become of a society in which every individual had the right to do exactly as he pleased regardless of the rights and interests of others? Individual liberty, in my opinion, comes before everything else, and the consequences of its suppression in the countries where it has been suppressed have convinced me more than ever of its necessity. But in an organized society individual liberty cannot be absolute and must be limited by the rights and liberties of others. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations. National sovereignty means international anarchy. Evidently, if the League could make decisions binding on all its members by a majority—say, a two-thirds' majority—vote, the system of one-nation-one-vote would have to go. So long as decisions have to be unanimous and Costa Rica or Panama can, at any rate theoretically, hold up the whole League, it would make no difference if some nations had more than one vote. If, however, decisions could be made by a majority, it would be as absurd to give Costa Rica or Panama the same voice in them as England or France as to give a village the same representation in Congress as New York. Plural voting would become necessary.

It would be idle to pretend that the present attitude of the Great Powers makes this necessary change in the constitution of the League of Nations likely in the near future. France and Russia alone among them have hitherto shown any inclination to renounce national sovereignty and to sacrifice national egoism to the general interest. France has made at Geneva one proposal after another that involves the abandonment of national sovereignty, and has always had the other Great Powers, except Russia, against her. There are no worse sticklers for national sovereignty than England and the United States and no countries whose policy is more egotistical and narrowly nationalist. The British dominions are as bad. And public opinion in these countries is even worse than are the governments. In the days of men like Charles James Fox and Richard Cobden, when England was an oligarchy, the international spirit predominated among English Whigs and then among English Liberals. It has been killed by democracy and in particular by woman suffrage, which is now destroying the young Spanish republic after having been one of the chief factors in the advent of Hitler to power in Germany. The nationalist reaction in England has culminated in the return to protectionism and in the abominable treatment of foreigners landing at English Channel ports unless they are traveling first class. France, Holland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland threw open their frontiers to German refugees. England closed hers.

The rule of unanimity has enabled England to paralyze the League by obstructing, for reasons dictated by a narrow nationalism, any application of the articles of the Covenant involving sanctions. It is to be hoped that the United States will not come into the League so long as that rule exists, for the inclusion of another Great Power unwilling to intervene in any dispute in which its own interests are not involved would make matters still worse. I once thought that the League could dispense with sanctions. Experience has shown me that I was wrong. The idea that we can dispense with force in international relations in present conditions is a delusion. What we have to do is to use it collec-

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tively against any nation that attempts to resort to it individually. On that point the French have been right all along. Force does not necessarily mean armed intervention. An economic blockade is a formidable use of force.

The nations of the world have to choose between peace and national sovereignty. They cannot have both. By signing the Kellogg Pact they have renounced on paper the right to make war, which is an essential attribute of national sovereignty, but the Kellogg Pact without sanctions behind it will be as ineffective as the League of Nations has been made by the fact that in practice the rule of unanimity prevents the sanctions provided for in the Covenant from ever being applied. Peace and order can be obtained in the international sphere only in the same way as in the national sphere, namely, by the subordination of national governments to a supra-national authority representing the community of nations. The ideal is the suppression of all armed forces except those under the control of the supra-national authority, and this ideal could be realized at once, as France has proposed, so far as air forces are concerned, provided that civil aviation were internationalized. Pending its complete realization, the nations must undertake to put their respective forces at the disposal of the supra-national authority when called upon to do so. It is a reform in this sense that the League of Nation needs, and it alone will enable the League to fulfil the purpose for which it was created.

Who's Who in the Drug Lobby

By JAMES RORTY

THERE are no interested, profit-motivated lobbyists at Washington; only patriots, crusaders, guardians of our most sacred institutions, saviors of humanity. If you doubt this, read the transcript of the public hearings held December 7 and 8 in Washington on the Tugwell-Copeland food and drug bill, which is one of the most fascinating and dramatic documents the Government Printing Office has ever issued. If, after that, you are still cynical, you should read the mail the President, General Johnson, and Postmaster Farley are getting these days from the patriotic medicine men, vitamin men, and cosmeticians whose sole concern is the welfare of the present Administration and the NRA. The names of these correspondents cannot be divulged, but here are a few samples of their style:

> With yourself and every other loyal citizen of the United States endeavoring to assist in the relief of unemployment, it would seem that any type of legislation that would retard the recovery of business would be unfortunate at this time. Therefore, House bill 6110 and the Copeland bill should be given serious consideration as their effect upon an enterprise with an annual output of over $2,000,000 would be serious indeed. . . .
>
> We have no objections to regulation but . . . here is no ordinary regulator measure of the industry. Here is a bill known as the Tugwell bill . . . that openly demands that the Secretary of Agriculture in enforcement of regulations be final and absolute and without appeal to the courts. . . . Now I'm no disgruntled manufacturer writing you; I'm quite well able to take care of myself and have been doing it in this business for many, many years. . . .
>
> Practically all the worth-while factors in proprietary cosmetic, drug, food, and advertising industries are in accord that these Tugwell measures are impossible of amendment and should be withdrawn. . . .
>
> I have recently been impressed with the danger to the Administration that is resulting from the agitation created by what is known as the Tugwell bill. . . .

There are four main points to note about this huge correspondence, of which only a few typical examples have been excerpted: (1) that the names of most of the ready letter-writer firms are already familiar through notices of judgment issued by the Food and Drug Administration at the termination of cases brought under the present inadequate law, in Post Office fraud order or in the Federal Trade Commission cease-and-desist orders; (2) that the writers invoke the principle of "recovery" as opposed to "reform" in order to defend businesses which in most cases are demonstrably a danger and a burden to both the public health and the public pocket-book; (3) that they do not hesitate to misrepresent both the nature and effects of the bill, as for example by asserting that Administration action would not be subject to court review although such review would be easily available to defendants under both the original bill and the present revised Copeland bill; (4) that the writers, by implication, threaten the Administration with a political headache and political defeat, regardless of the merit of the issues involved.

The nature and methods of this lobby can best be understood by examining the following "Who's Who" of the leading lobbyists. A complete list is as impossible as would be any attempt to estimate the expenditure, undoubtedly huge, of the proprietary drug, food, and advertising lobby to date.

FRANK (CASCARETS) BLAIR. Mr. Blair represents the Proprietary Association, the chief fraternal order of the patent-medicine group, but even closer to his heart, one suspects, is Sterling Products. This firm manufactures Fletcher's Castoria, Midol, Caldwell's Syrup and Pepsin, and Cascarets, a chocolate-covered trade phenopthalein and cascara laxative recently seized by the Food and Drug Administration. The Proprietary Association and Mr. Blair, plus the National Drug Conference, are backing the Black bill, written by Dr. James H. Beal, chairman of the board of trustees of the United States Pharmacopoeia. The Black-Beal bill would further weaken even the present inadequate law, make seizures practically impossible, and permit nostrum-makers to get away with murder in their advertising. In short, it is a sheer fake.

HONORABLE THOMAS B. (CRAZY CRYSTALS) LOVE. Mr. Love, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is attorney for the Crazy Water Company of Mineral Wells, Texas, manufacturers of Crazy Crystals, a prominent exhibit last summer in the Food and Drug Administration's well-known "Chamber of Horrors." At the December

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hearings Mr. Love said, "No harm has ever resulted, or is likely to result, from the misrepresentation of the remedial or therapeutic effect of naturally produced mineral waters," which is a brazen enough falsification. Two kinds of harm result from such misrepresentation—harm to the health of the victim who takes a dose of horse physic under the illusion that a dose of salts is good for what ails him; harm to the victim's pocket-book because he paid about five times as much for that dose of salts as it was worth.

H. M. (Ovaltine) Blackett. Mr. Blackett is president of Blackett-Sample-Hummert, a Chicago advertising agency. His pet account is Ovaltine, that mysterious "Swiss" drink which puts you to "sleep without drugs" and performs such miracles with underweight children, nursing mothers, busy workers, and old people. "Food and drug advertising," Mr. Blackett writes to magazine and newspaper publishers, "is different from other classification. It must actually sell the product. It must put up a strong selling story—strong enough to actually move the goods off the dealers' shelves." More briefly, Mr. Blackett believes it would be impossible to sell a "chocolate-flavored, dried malt extract containing a small quantity of dried milk and egg" for what it really is—at least for a dollar a can.

William P. (Jacob's Ladder) Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs is president of "Jacobs' Religious List," which would appear to represent the alliance of the fundamentalist business and the proprietary-medicine business. As a publishers' representative of the "official organs of the leading white denominations of the South and Southeast," he offers a combined weekly circulation of 300,317 to the God-fearing manufacturers of Miller's Snake Oil (makes rheumatic sufferers jump out of bed and run back to work), kidney medicines, rejuvenators ("Would you like to again enjoy life?"), contraceptives (presumably for an equally holy purpose), reducing agents, and hair-growers. Mr. Jacobs is secretary and general manager of the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers; he is, in fact, a member of the old Southern patent-medicine aristocracy. His father, J. F. Jacobs, was author of a profound treatise on "The Economic Necessity and the Moral Validity of the Prepared Medicine Business."

J. Houston Goudiss. Mr. Goudiss appears to be the missing link in the menagerie of medicine men, vitamin men, and ad men who crowd the big tent of the Washington lobby and do Chautauqua work in the field. On November 16 last he appeared before the convention of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, donned the mantle of the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and begged his hearers to oppose the Tugwell bill. He said in part:

> So far as I am known to the American public, I am known as a crusader for the better health of our people. . . . Early in my career I came under the benign influence of the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. I was privileged to support him in his work . . . Were Dr. Wiley alive today, I am sure that he would be standing here instead of me. And if I presume to wear his mantle, it is because I feel that the great urgency of the situation calls upon me to do so. . . . When I was first informed that our Congress was ready to consider a new pure food and drugs law . . . I was exultant. . . . Later when I read the proposed law . . . my heart fell with foreboding. I recognized it as only another over-zealous measure like our unhappy Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. . . . The Tugwell bill is fraught with danger. . . .

About that Harvey W. Wiley mantle—the widow of Dr. Wiley, in the course of an eloquent plea for the Tugwell bill at the December hearing, said: "I have never heard Dr. Wiley mention Mr. C. Houston Goudiss, and inquiry at the Department of Agriculture discloses the fact that no correspondence between Dr. Wiley and Mr. Goudiss between 1905 and 1911, when Dr. Wiley resigned, is on file."

And now about Mr. Goudiss himself: He publishes the *Forecast,* a monthly magazine full of vitamin chatter not unrelated to Mr. Goudiss's activities as broadcaster over Station WOR for various and sundry food products. He is author of "Eating Vitamins" and other books—also of a signed advertisement for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. His Elmira speech was promptly sent out as a press release by the Proprietary Association, and recently he has been fighting the Tugwell bill over the radio.

The organizational set-up of the drug men, the food men, the medicine men, and the ad men is almost as complicated as that of the Insull holding companies. At the top sits the High Council of the Drug Institute, an association of associations, formed originally to fight the cut-rate drug-stores. The Proprietary Association, the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers, and the United Medicine Manufacturers, all have booths in this big tent. The last-named organization is right out in the open, whooping, yelling, and rattling the wampum belt. The Food and Drug Administration knows them well, and the public would know them better if this department of government were authorized by law to publicize its files. Here are a few of the most eminent and vocal patriots and purity gospelers:

President J. M. (Toma Tablets) Ewing. Toma tablets are innocuously labeled, but advertised for stomach ulcers. The advertising clause of the Copeland bill is what is worrying Mr. Ewing.

Vice-President I. R. (Health Questions Answered) Blackburn. Mr. Clinton Robb, the legal magician for the U. M. M. A., fixed up the labels of the Blackburn products, which rejoice in a string of notices of judgment. These products are sold through an advertising column headed "Health Questions Answered." You write to Dr. Theodore Beck, who answers the questions in this column, and the good doctor informs you that one or more of the Blackburn products is good for what ails you. It's as simple as that.

Vice-President George Reese is at present slightly handicapped in selling venereal-disease remedies by the seizure by the Food and Drug Administration a month ago of one of his nostrums—not the first action of this kind, judging by the notices of judgment against this firm.

Vice-President Earl E. (Syl-vette) Runner can boast a dozen or more notices of judgment against his many products, the most prominent of which, Syl-vette, was seized only a short time ago. This "reducing agent" is a cocoa-sugar beverage that keeps your stomach from feeling too empty while a diet does the slenderizing.

D. A. (Gallstones) Lundy, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A., advertises: "Gallstones. Don't operate. You make a bad condition worse. Treat the cause in a sensible, painless, inexpensive way at home." But, alas, the proposed new law forbids the advertising of any drug for gallstones, declaring the disease to be one for which self-medication is especially dangerous. Perhaps this explains

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Mr. Lundy's fervid letters to Senators demanding the dismissal and prosecution of Chief Campbell of the Food and Drug Administration on the ground that the latter has been improperly spending the federal government's money for propaganda.

William M. (Nue-Ovo) Krause, of the membership committee of the U. M. M. A. Mr. Krause's Research Laboratories, Inc., of Portland, Oregon, labeled Nue-Ovo as a cure for rheumatism until 1929 when the Food and Drug Administration seized the product and forced a change of the label. Nue-Ovo is still widely advertised in the West as a cure for rheumatism and arthritis.

Kenneth (Vogue Powder) Muir, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A. When Mr. Muir's Vogue Antiseptic Powder was seized in 1930, it was being recommended not only for genito-urinary affections of men and women but also in the treatment of diphtheria.

T. S. (Renton's Hydrocine Tablets) Strong, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A., is a partner in Strong, Cobb and Company of Cleveland, pharmaceutical chemists who manufacture products for other concerns. There are notices of judgment against venereal-disease remedies and a contraceptive manufactured by them. This firm also makes Renton's Hydrocine Tablets, a cinchophen product sold for rheumatism to which, according to the American Medical Association, many deaths have been directly traced.

C. C. (Kow-Kare) Parlin. For months now C. C. Parlin, research director of the Curtis Publishing Company, has been mobilizing and directing the heterogeneous but impassioned hosts of purity gospelers that have been fighting the Tugwell bill. Mr. Parlin is a statistician, a highbrow, and no end respectable. Moreover, he represents, indirectly at least, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*. In their February issues both of these Curtis properties published editorials, written in language strikingly similar to Mr. Parlin's recent speeches and signed writings, to the effect that in their advertising pages they had struggled to be pure—well, pure enough—and that the new bill was just painting the lily.

How pure is pure? The February issue of the *Country Gentleman* contains advertisements of several products which would be subject to prophylactic treatment if an effective law against misleading advertising were passed. The February issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which says that for more than a generation it has "exercised what we consider to be proper supervision over all copy offered for our pages," contains advertisements of at least eight products whose claims would require modification if the proposed bill became law. The *Ladies' Home Journal's* "pure-enough" list includes Pepsodent, Fleischman's Yeast, Ovaltine, Listerine, Vapex, Musterole, Vicks Vapo Rub, and Pond's creams. In addition to some of the foregoing, the *Country Gentleman* stands back of advertisements of Ipana, Toxite, Sergeant's Dog Medicines, Bag Balm, and Kow-Kare. Concerning the last-named product, the fact-minded veterinary of the Food and Drug Administration comments as follows:

> This used to be sold as Kow-Kure, which purported to be a remedy for contagious abortion, until trouble threatened with the Pure Food and Drug Administration. No drug or combination of drugs has any remedial value in treating contagious abortion. The danger of these nostrums is that the farmer relies upon them.

There is one obvious lack in the foregoing list of purity gospelers. It includes no women. We therefore hasten to present Gertrude B. Lane, editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. In opposing the Tugwell bill Miss Lane spoke in part as follows:

> I admit quite frankly that my selfish interests are involved. I have spent thirty years of my life in building up a magazine which I have tried to make of real service to the women of America, and I have invested all my savings in the company which publishes this magazine. The magazine business and the newspapers, rightly or wrongly, have been made possible through national advertising. Great industries have been developed and millions of people employed.

Right, Miss Lane. And this is how Carolyn F. Ulrich, chief of the Periodicals Division of the New York Public Library, in a letter to the *New Republic*, describes this great woman's-magazine industry:

> Are not these magazines really mediums for salesmanship, almost trade journals? Of the first importance in these magazines is the advertising. The subject matter comes second. The advertisements pay for the producing of the magazine. The subject matter, aside from a few sentimental stories, covers those interests that belong to woman's sphere. There, also, the purpose is to foster buying for the home and the child. The entire plan of these magazines is based on the man's interest in its commercial success.

This judgment cannot lightly be dismissed, for it is expert opinion. But as it happens, another woman, Miss Winifred Raushenbush, has recently completed an analysis of fourteen mass and class periodicals. She permits me to quote the following analysis of the January, 1934, issue of the *Woman's Home Companion:*

> When the potential reader spends ten cents for the *Woman's Home Companion*, she gets ninety pages of reading matter and illustrations, 55 per cent of which is devoted to selling. Thirty-eight per cent of the space in the *Companion* is advertisements; in addition the editors devote 11 per cent of the space to pushing advertised products and 4 per cent to pushing subscriptions to the magazine. Forty-one per cent of the advertisements appeal to motivations based on fear, sex, or emulation. The appeal to fear occupies more space than the appeal to sex or emulation.

In the *Woman's Home Companion's* "index of products advertised" the statement is made that "the appearance in *Woman's Home Companion* is a specific warranty of the product advertised and of the integrity of the house sponsoring the advertisement." What, then, is Miss Lane worrying about? Is she perhaps alarmed by the fact that the *Woman's Home Companion* publishes as pure some of the same misleading advertisements that appear in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, already referred to, and that would be embarrassed by the advertising provision of the Copeland bill? It is a great industry: women editors, publication statisticians, ad men, vitamin men, medicine men, cosmeticians, all in the same boat and rowing for dear life against a rising tide of public opinion which demands that this grotesque, collusive parody of manufacturing, distributing, and publishing services be compelled to make some sort of sense and decency no matter how much deflation of vested interests is required.

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Hitler and the French Press

By EMIL LENGYEL

SOME of the greatest admirers of the leader of the Third German Reich are the patriots of the Third French Republic. "In the *Temps*," writes Léon Daudet in his own royalist *Action Française*, "the Brown Shirts have suddenly acquired a prestige which it took Il Duce much longer to achieve." While to certain organs of the French press Adolf Hitler is still the arch-Boche, whose rule justifies the worst anticipations of Versailles, to others his Third Reich, with its Brown Shirts and terror, is a much more desirable neighbor than was the Weimar republic, with its Socialists and democracy.

There was a time when one looked in vain in the most influential papers of Paris for a word of appreciation for Matthias Erzberger, a friend of peace who was assassinated by German reactionaries because of his so-called anti-patriotism. Nor could one find in the Parisian press much understanding for the work of Walter Rathenau, Foreign Minister of the Reich and another victim of German reactionary fury. Adolf Hitler is treated differently by some of the most powerful newspapers of France.

Were the powers behind the French press afraid of a friendly German regime that would have dispelled the fear of war and thus reduced the profits of French armament makers? Or were they afraid of the success of socialism in Germany, which would have stimulated the work of the Second International in France? Was their fear of international radicalism stronger than their fear of the *Rache* of German reaction?

Adolf Hitler cannot be accused of pacifism or socialism; he has apparently put out of business the German branches of the Second and Third International. The Socialist and Communist leaders of the Reich are dead, in jail, in concentration camps, or in exile. Has Hitler not saved civilization by cutting off the heads of the Marxist hydra? Has he not deserved well of the French patriots by stamping out pacifism in Germany and making France safe for a new war?

"Public opinion in France is manipulated through the press," Joseph Caillaux, erstwhile French Premier, wrote in one of his books. The iron masters and coal barons are pulling the wires of some of the most influential journals. René Millienne showed the other day in a French Socialist organ how the leading French newspaper, the *Temps*, of which he has been the editor, had been bought by the Comité des Forges and the Comité des Houillères, organizations of the heavy industries and coal mines, for 25,000,000 francs, some of which was paid in cash to the president of the newspaper. "The banks and heavy industries have put their hands on the entire press," writes M. Lenglois in his *Iroquois*. The war-makers are not the Hitlers, he says, but the Krupps and Thyssens of Germany and the Schneiders and de Wendels of France. The Hitler mark is rolling in France, writes Emile Buré in *L'Ordre*, on the authority of a member of the government. The *Rempart*, a nationalist organ, hints at mysterious negotiations by Hitler's agents to acquire control of a leading Parisian daily for 2,000,000 marks. Commenting on the disclosures of the *Petit Parisien* about German propaganda in foreign lands, Maurice Prax writes: "It is a sad thing to say that we have often felt the effect of this nebulous and all-pervading propaganda."

The Comité des Forges and its armament makers love war, which is profitable, and therefore it is logical to assume that they love Hitler, who is preparing for war. They hate radicalism in all its manifestations, which is one more reason why they should admire the *Führer*. François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges, senator, and regent of the Bank of France, has important interests in German industries and mines. While as a French patriot he ought to abhor Hitler, who is leading the Reich's protest against Versailles, as a German capitalist he must hail the Leader as the savior of the fatherland. "The pens of journalists," said the late Aristide Briand about French newspaper writers, "are made of the same steel as the cannons."

Toward the middle of December, the *Temps*, of which the de Wendels and other French industrial magnates are the supreme bosses, published an article from the pen of a special correspondent in Berlin which created a sensation. "There is no reason to doubt Hitler's sincerity," the article said, "because sincerity is apparently one of his main qualities, perhaps the one that has contributed most to his success. We believe he was sincere in writing his diatribes against France in 'Mein Kampf' ten years ago, and that he is sincere today in offering us his hand. . . . The Chancellor is not a man of the Bismarck or Stresemann type; he is not a schemer, but a man of instincts and sentiments." Two days later the *Jour*, a Paris newspaper, printed a Berlin dispatch of the Agence Fournier disclosing that Jacques Chastenet, the representative of the French coal barons in the directorate of the *Temps*, had been a guest the day before at the luncheon party given by the French Ambassador in Berlin in honor of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Reich Minister of Propaganda. The dispatch added that the Minister and the director had a long conversation, but it did not add that the French Ambassador, M. François-Poncet, had at one time been closely connected with the Comité des Forges. Not one word of the dispatch was printed in the *Temps*, although it might have been assumed that its readers would have been interested in knowing what the director of their newspaper was doing in Berlin. Two Socialist papers, the *Populaire* and the *Peuple*, took up the question and challenged the *Temps* to say something about the matter, which, however, it did not do. The Socialist papers also called attention to the comparison of Hitler, the man of war, with Stresemann, the man of peace, to the disadvantage of the latter.

A few days later the *Temps* published an anonymous article, designated by three stars, in which it was suggested that unless France was prepared to reap all the consequences of a diplomatic conflict with Germany she should accept Hitler's invitation to a tete-a-tete talk. This was contrary to the French official view that such a talk must take place at Geneva, with the rest of the interested countries parties to it, and that by accepting Hitler's invitation the Quai

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d'Orsay would give him a premium for leaving the League of Nations and disrupting the Disarmament Conference. Meanwhile, the *Temps* keeps on printing critical editorials about Germany, probably on the assumption that the excellent qualities of Hitler are not sufficient to purge his nation of blame.

The *Journal des Débats,* controlled by François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges, does not as yet believe in Hitler's sincerity. "We were fooled by Stresemann and we shall be fooled by Hitler," wrote this paper, which despite its 146 years is still serving French reaction with vigor. The *Journée Industrielle* is also under the influence of the Comité des Forges, and the Socialist paper *Populaire* has caught it a few times flirting with Hitlerism.

While the dignified *Temps* was thus deserting the Quai d'Orsay in favor of the Wilhelmstrasse, the less dignified *Ami du Peuple,* popular organ of François Coty, perfumery manufacturer and anti-radical head-hunter, went over to the enemy bag and baggage, protesting that it was doing so under duress. M. Coty's journal began to publish a series of articles under the collective title "La Grande Croisade," in which it preached an offensive alliance of Germans and French against the Russian Bolshevists. "The honor of France would be tarnished if she refused to collaborate with Germany, even if she was our enemy, in the great anti-Bolshevist drive of our menaced civilization." One of the star writers of the paper declared himself in full accord with Chancellor Hitler in carrying on an implacable war against communism, "the worst enemy of the workingman and the worst pest of humanity." The campaign was named the Crusade of the Fatherlands.

Although François Coty and Léon Daudet hate each other, they are brothers in hating democracy and loving reaction. Yet M. Daudet's royalist heart is divided between two loyalties. He loves war for the sake of war, and Germany is the most convenient enemy because of her contiguous frontier, but he also loves a strong man like Hitler. How does a man of Léon Daudet's type love? He does so by employing the least vituperative words of his remarkably vigorous vocabulary. Riding on his hobby horse to battle against the republic, the Communists, the Pope, and the bad Jews—the Jewish adherents of his own Action Française are not thought so bad—he finds for Hitler only words of mild reprobation which in his mouth sound like a eulogy.

The *Matin,* which also loves to hate, has dispatched several parties of exploration to the distant Reich, and they have brought back strange tales of a land which is as quiet as a cemetery, and withal a country pleasant to look at because its Marxism is dead. It was in this great paper of the boulevards that Fernand de Brinon, political editor of *L'Information* and presumable friend of Hitler, published his famous interview with the German Chancellor, in which the *Führer* declared that between France and Germany there were no more unsolved problems except that of the Saar, and that the Reich had renounced all claims to Alsace-Lorraine.

Victor Hervé, the former Socialist, cannot bear even the thought of impugning Hitler's good faith. When the *Petit Parisien,* which is not supported by the Comité des Forges, published the alleged confidential instruction of the German Minister of Propaganda to his agents abroad, M. Hervé suggested in his ultra-nationalistic *Victoire* that the documents might have been fabricated by the Bolshevists.

In *Je Suis Partout,* which not long ago was strongly anti-Nazi, Claude Jeantet specializes in seeing the good side of everything the German terrorists do. To him the villain of the piece is the Jewish émigré and his coreligionists in France, who trouble the good relations between the two countries. This view is shared by *L'Action Nouvelle,* which describes itself as the official organ of the Mouvement National Populaire, a French fascist group. "In the war which will result from this detestable alliance of unholy forces [between the French and German Jews] the interests of France will be entirely ignored, and she will be forced to crush German reaction on the one hand and to reestablish the German Jew in the Reich on the other."

In the *Libre Parole* we find the best Hitlerese translated into Nazi French. The following are familiar words and their native habitat is across the Rhine: "French citizens can only be persons of French blood, irrespective of religion. We demand the introduction of the *numerus clausus* into our universities. We want the support of all those who know that the French people cannot continue to live in the disorder of a democratic regime and under the yoke of French capitalism." This newspaper stands for "Francism," the motto of which is "Nationalism, anti-Semitism, and Corporativism." Hitler's great crime in the eyes of the world is that he dared to lay his hands on Israel. "That is why the press, which has sold out to the armament makers, is inciting the world against the Reich." The reference to the armament makers, is, of course, an original contribution to French fascism.

Some of the newspapers are not content with eulogizing Hitler; they also want to imitate him. François Coty has tried to build up a fascist organization, La Solidarité Française, in order to promote the sale of his perfumes and of his world-saving ideas, as expressed in *L'Ami du Peuple.* The young men of his organization have been seen several times parading up and down the boulevards, wearing blue shirts, weather permitting, and Basque berets, shouting themselves hoarse until the arrival of the police. The young royalists of Léon Daudet, the Camelots du Roi, also do some rioting of their own, which sometimes assumes embarrassing proportions.

What do the Nazis think of their French admirers? The *Völkische Beobachter,* the leading Brown House organ, sometimes reprints approvingly the pro-Hitler comments of the French press. Some of the other German papers are less satisfied with the warmth with which the French have received the revival of super-nationalism in its most vicious form. "Aunt Voss," the venerable *Vossische Zeitung,* formerly a celebrated champion of democracy, has been so thoroughly coordinated by the Nazis that it cannot help shedding bitter tears over the lack of comprehension of some French people toward Germany's national renaissance. "The only people who have learned from the great events in the Reich," wrote the *Voss,* "are the young people, who see with unconcealed gratification how youth has become a power in the Reich."

The French left press observes with amazement the spread of Hitler sentiment in that part of the press which is being supported by the Comité des Forges. What are the "munitionnaires" up to? Can anything good come out of this infatuation for the strong man of the Reich? Is this a new phase of the movement whose slogan is "Reactionaries of all countries, unite"?

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An Answer to Mr. Strachey

By P. T. ELLSWORTH

VIGOROUS and stimulating as were the three recent articles in *The Nation* by John Strachey, none the less they represent a curious compound of truth and error. His brilliance of style and forceful marshaling of favorable evidence make his essays particularly persuasive. Exposure of the doctrines to the cold light of economic principles reveals them, however, to be an admixture, in varying degrees, of incontestable verities and misleading fallacies.

Mr. Strachey's position, summarized, is this: There are three chief characteristics of capitalism which inevitably produce crisis and depression; the measures of recovery so far adopted by the Roosevelt Administration tend to exaggerate these characteristics rather than to modify or offset them. Consequently the ground is being laid, not for permanent recovery and a rehabilitation of capitalism, but for another and worse collapse.

Of the inherent tendencies in the existing order which are regarded as provocative of catastrophes such as the present one, the leading position is given by Mr. Strachey to what he calls an "over-expansion of credit," or a "tendency to inflation." Business men borrow freely from the banks to create new productive equipment quite without regard to any tangible market for the goods they will later produce. For a time, while this equipment is being created, all goes well. But when new consumers' goods begin to pour forth from the newly made factories and machines, trouble develops. Not even the hitherto existing market for such goods confronts them, but one seriously diminished, for the wages of workers in the construction and machinery trades no longer exist, having stopped with the cessation of their employment. Crisis and collapse results.

This view of Mr. Strachey's has much to commend it. It is essentially a simplification of John Maynard Keynes's over-investment theory of the business cycle, a theory which has of late received much attention. Without undertaking an estimate of its merits, it seems appropriate to remark that its sponsor, Mr. Keynes, believes that however inevitable the chain of developments may be, these developments can be effectively counteracted by appropriate credit policies. Further, the theory calls for just those anti-depression measures of the Roosevelt Administration which Mr. Strachey so severely castigates—namely, large public expenditures and efforts to get business men to increase their expenditures. A period of depression is the opposite of a boom; it is characterized by a deficiency rather than an excess of investment. If the spiral of deflation is to be checked, Mr. Keynes holds, this deficit must be made up in some manner, and the only effective agency for doing so is the government. One who accepts this analysis as applied to boom conditions, as does Mr. Strachey, would seem logically bound also to accept the conclusions it implies for combating depression, or to suggest a more suitable alternative.

It is not to be denied that an anti-depression policy of large public expenditures has dangers. To these Mr. Strachey's strictures serve to call our attention. Certainly if the PWA and the AAA fail to stimulate a revival of private enterprise, then, as he contends, their only effect will be to bring about a temporary rise of prices and redistribution of wealth, followed by another period of business stagnation. But if these agencies *are* successful in revivifying business, it will be possible for their expenditures on employment to be reduced *pari passu* with the absorption of workers in regular industrial employment. Political pressure to continue relief works, which Mr. Strachey regards as inevitable, will evaporate as relief becomes less and less necessary.

The second characteristic of capitalism which Mr. Strachey regards as productive of industrial crises is "its tendency to form monopolies." Now while this tendency may be observed in certain industries where economic conditions are appropriate, it is absolutely not true that it is present in "all fields of production," as Mr. Strachey insists. It is sufficient to cite as evidence farming of practically every variety, cotton textiles, machine tools, clothing manufacture, boots and shoes, and ceramics. Almost any reader could probably cite dozens of similar illustrations. Generalizations such as this of Strachey's are the merest Marxian dogmatism.

This tendency toward monopoly carries with it as an inevitable consequence, says Mr. Strachey, the destruction of the middle-class market. "The hundreds and indeed thousands of small capitalists and their better-paid retainers who used to conduct the industries of the country were all consumers, and very substantial consumers. . . . Their defeat and bankruptcy by the great trusts destroys this vitally important section of the market." This is sheer nonsense. Granting that large-scale industry, and even monopoly, has made great strides at the cost of the small producer, it is false to contend that the market made up by these producers and their retainers is destroyed. For both the small capitalist and his assistants more often than not become not members of the proletariat but retainers of the new combination, or recipients of its dividends. As independent producers they cease to exist, but as consumers they may be even more effective, their efforts under large-scale methods being more productive. True though it be that "even Mr. Ford," as Strachey says, "when he has killed off a thousand firms, can still only sleep in one bed and eat at one table"—yet he cannot run his gigantic enterprise without well-paid technical help, and lots of it. And these helpers are "all consumers, and very substantial consumers."

That the provisions of the NRA increase whatever tendency to monopoly exists is doubtless true, but the chief danger thereof is not the mythical destruction of a middle-class market. Rather it resides in the possible oppression of consumers at large, and in the creation of a politically powerful group of vested interests.

The third and last fatal trait of capitalism is found in the mechanization of industry, with its accompaniment, technological unemployment. There is no need to deny the existence of this tendency or to underestimate the seriousness of the problems it raises. It is not, however, primarily a cause of cyclical fluctuations, as Mr. Strachey seems to think, but is a long-run factor whose presence is felt during both boom

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and depression, seriously aggravating the latter. The problem is essentially one of relative *rates* of industrial change—of the rate of technological advance as compared with the rate of absorption of the unemployed—a problem for which appropriate remedies have yet to be devised.

To a limited extent, the effects of increasing mechanization are offset by the widening of demand for products produced more economically and hence at a lower price, by an increased demand for workers in the machine trades, and by the lowering of (money) wages which unemployment tends to bring about. There is, however, a very large residue of unabsorbed idle workers. And certainly it is unwise to aggravate existing cyclical unemployment by stimulating additional mechanization in a period of depression. That this is the effect of the wages and hours provisions of the NRA Mr. Strachey makes abundantly clear. One of the surest ways of reducing unemployment brought about by the increased use of labor-saving machinery or by falling prices would be to permit or even to facilitate a reduction of wages, thereby making the reemployment of idle workers more attractive to employers. To raise wages and shorten hours arbitrarily, thereby increasing costs, is one of the surest ways of causing employers to look about for further labor-saving devices which may enable them to counteract these higher costs. Certainly this aspect of the NRA is anti-recuperative in nature. With this conclusion of Mr. Strachey's probably most economists would agree.

One final and subordinate phase of Mr. Strachey's analysis remains to be considered. He feels that our home market is being contracted to such an extent, owing to the effects of monopolization and mechanization, that we are being forced, willy-nilly, into a policy of "imperialism." Aside from the fact that "imperialism" is a question-begging term which in this instance means merely intensified international competition, it seems germane to point out that in opposition to the shrinkage of the market by reason of increasing unemployment (but *not* as a result of any "tendency to monopoly") this same market is also being *expanded* by large government expenditures. If the net result of these opposing forces is a growing market—and pay rolls *have* increased—intensified competition between nations need not arise. It is true that the depreciation of the dollar on the foreign exchanges acts as a bounty on American exports, and is thus "imperialistic" in effect; but is it not straining at the facts to regard this exchange depreciation as a consequence of a restricted home market? Even if we were to agree with Mr. Strachey on this matter, surely the exchange situation is not serious enough to justify an alarmist attitude. And if the inflation which Mr. Strachey himself foresees becomes actual, be it dangerous or healthily controlled, the rise in prices thereby engendered would progressively cancel the exchange bounty on our exports.

No one would deny that the present industrial system is far from satisfactory in its working, nor that it is characterized by certain features which seem inevitably to breed periodic collapse. The very complexity of this system would, however, seem to call for scientific care and exactitude in the analysis of the causes of its recurrent breakdowns. Such care does not appear to have been exercised by Mr. Strachey, for his analysis will not stand examination.

So They Found the Body

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 10

THE favoritism, graft, and corruption of the Hoover Administration are, it seems, beginning to attract public interest, and I venture to say that before the Congressional investigations are concluded the name of the Harding Administration will be a symbol of purity to the American people. To a great many of us this is no surprise. In fact, most of the disclosures pertaining to air-mail contracts, made during the last two weeks by the Black committee, were published three years ago in the Hearst newspapers, the principal, if not the sole, result being that the reporter who dug up the facts was threatened with the loss of his job. The difference was one of technique, not of motive. The Ohio Gang consisted simply of an odd lot of pluguglies accustomed to collecting their "take" from bootleggers and bawdy houses. They were crude operators, and many of them were caught. The Hoover outfit, on the other hand, was a slick aggregation of big-time swindlers who had mulcted whole communities and even nations. The United States was their oyster, and they treated it as such. Roosevelt has struck at the air-mail graft as one would strike at a snake—that is, with the purpose of killing it at one blow. There is no more reason why the Post Office Department should not carry its air mail than there is why it should not operate its rural-delivery routes. There is, on the other hand, every reason why the government should have a large number of fast planes and skilled pilots—one being national defense. To a few bankers and brokers American aviation was a racket, in which they gambled a very few of their own dollars and a great many brave men's lives. They are hurt now, and they are howling their heads off, but they have only themselves to blame.

* * * * *

THEY will howl even louder—and to the same effect—over the Fletcher-Rayburn bill, providing for strict regulation of stock exchanges. Although the measure bears the names of a Florida Senator and a Texas Representative, it was written by men who know the speculative game from start to finish, and it would plug up all the rat holes. Drastic powers of regulation would be vested in the Federal Trade Commission—and the commission is not what it was in "the good old days." Even "Brutal Bill" Humphrey is gone. The measure would close the mails to all exchanges not registered with the commission. It would fix a flat minimum of 60 per cent for all marginal transactions, and empower the commission to raise this percentage in its discretion. It would prohibit wash sales, matched orders, pools, price-pegging, corners, underwriting, and the lending of securities. It really is a sockdolager, and after it is passed—as it seems likely

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that it will be—a lot of former all-American halfbacks may have to go to work. It is even possible that some lawyers will be constrained to learn honest trades. This latter would be a pity in view of the high standard of intelligence and social conscience which the legal profession has established only this week. On the same day that Clarence E. Martin, former president of the American Bar Association, was attacking the proposed child-labor amendment in Washington as a movement for the "nationalization" (God save the mark!) of American childhood, William P. MacCracken, former secretary of the association, was dodging the Senate sergeant-at-arms, who had an order for his arrest. How fortunate, in these dark days, that we know where to look for leadership!

* * * * *

SINCE last I wrote in this place, young Senator Nye has suspended his valiant crusade in behalf of the employer who wishes to pay less than $12 for a fifty-four-hour week, and has concentrated his activities upon uncovering graft in the War Department. This decision strikes me as both prudent and judicious. For one thing, his campaign to protect the little chiseler evoked small sympathy, and for another, I feel sure there has been graft in the War Department—some of it under the present Administration. Criticism of the NRA will continue to be in order, but only by those who know how to do it intelligently. I am amazed that my old friend, John T. Flynn, allowed himself to be inveigled into a debate with Donald Richberg before the Economic Club of New York this week. No man in this country writes more brilliantly or with more information on banking and finance than does Flynn. His exposures of the Detroit and Cleveland scandals were masterpieces of exposition and invective. But he knows almost nothing about the NRA. Richberg was bound to make a monkey of him, and did. Incidentally, it would appear that I have inadvertently committed an injustice, which I hasten to correct. It has seemed to me that Richberg was guilty of imprudence in unnecessarily alienating the confidence of organized labor by appearing to be on too friendly terms with the steel magnates, of whose code authority he is a member. Judging from my correspondence, many readers of *The Nation* construed this as an intimation of disloyalty on his part. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I need only say (and I hope he will forgive me for it) that he is staying on the job at a financial sacrifice of not less than $25,000 a year, and rejecting offers that would dazzle the eyes of John W. Davis.

* * * * *

THERE has been some price-fixing under the NRA which had monopolistic tendencies, owing to unwarranted assumptions of power by certain code authorities. The instances were not serious, and are being corrected. They arose largely from the fact that prior to the adoption of codes many merchants were unloading their stocks at whatever prices they would bring in a desperate effort to stave off bankruptcy. Two very real dangers confront the Recovery Administration. The first is its tendency to become a huge bureaucracy. No one is more acutely aware of this than General Johnson; no one is doing more to avert it. The second danger is that when the upswing comes, business will begin to ask: "What is the necessity of all this government supervision? Why should we put up with these regulations on hours and wages?" That is when the real fight will start—and that is when some self-styled liberals will devour vast morsels of crow. That term, I might remark in passing, is beginning to infect me with faint but definite symptoms of nausea. True, I never sought to be classified as anything but a straightforward, if somewhat inarticulate, reporter, but to be designated as "liberal" somehow pleased me. Henceforth I shall view it with a jaundiced and suspicious eye. This attitude is immensely strengthened by a press release which I have just received from the American Civil Liberties Union. Here is an organization which has fought many a good fight against hopeless odds, for which I honor it. Yet the release I mention contains a scurrilous and utterly mendacious attack upon Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. The facts in the matter are simple and easily ascertainable. One Ben Gold, official of a Communist furriers' union in New York, participated in the so-called Communist "hunger march" on Washington a year ago—which, incidentally, was one of the phoniest and most synthetic demonstrations ever staged. Passing through Wilmington, he was arrested on a charge of rioting. Knowing nothing of the facts and knowing a great deal of the cops, I have my doubts concerning the authenticity of the offense. At any rate, he was convicted. Execution of the judgment was suspended for many months on Gold's plea that he was "indispensable in the administration of the furriers' code." This was a plain untruth. Finally the Attorney-General of the State sent a letter to Johnson asking for the facts, and Johnson referred it to McGrady for a reply. Because he replied truthfully the American Civil Liberties Union now denounces him as a meddler and a reactionary. Year in and year out on Capitol Hill I have seen Ed McGrady fight the battles of the poor and oppressed; I have seen him struggle for the rights of organized labor when Joe Grundy was in the saddle, and I have never known a more fearless and incorruptible man. I have even seen him stand up and tell the A. F. of L. bosses to their teeth that unless they abandoned their obsolete trade-union racket for a system of vertical unionization (obviously, the next logical step toward the socialization of industry), Congress would disband them—with his hearty approval. "Liberals!" They make me sick. I prefer men.

Warm Winter Night

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I am in darkness and should be at peace.
I should not let this flourish of a skirmish Spring
lure me from work. The pursuing Norse wind, sure
will catch me first and leave my warmth a fever.
I'll stay indoors.
I put on light;
too harsh
too sudden light; the bulbs explode it in my eyes,
The room is loud and littled by the glare;
I seem to wrestle with inleaning walls
and with no labor to become all spent.
I cannot stay; I must go out, and walk until
weariness has shortened me enough
once more to the measure of a house.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has lately become a little confused about Soviet Russia. He has held as firmly as anyone that the Russian proletarian government was an enterprise which for courage, energy, and disinterestedness could not be matched by any other government on earth. He has applauded the triumphs of the first Piatiletka and has refused, like any good partisan, to admit its failures. And through all the years of the Soviet struggle with a population to whom the word government had for centuries meant simply brutal tyranny, he has pictured the Russian people as engaged in establishing a civilization which would be free from the domination of the machine which fixed itself upon mankind a century and a half ago. In the rest of the world machines owned men; in Russia men should own and control the machines.

* * * * *

IT is with profound disquiet, therefore, that he reads of the building of the Moscow subway, which is to engage all possible able-bodied men and even boys, so that the first train can make its triumphant run on November 7 next. For to him the subway is a symbol of all that is most furious and competitive in our modern cities. He is told that the Moscow traffic is frightful, and the subway provides the most sensible and the quickest method of getting from one part of the city to the other. And he is reminded of the famous question asked by the Japanese who was told that the subway would save five minutes of time: "And what shall we do with them?" The Russians are breathlessly occupied with building a new world, a world of skyscrapers and motor cars and great electric plants and subways to save time. Every man, woman, and child is engaged in this activity, every sinew is stretched, every nerve is tense: more houses, more roads, more bridges, more factories, more production. To build a new world, to make the good life. But when a nation of 160,000,000 has become attuned to the tempo of high-speed relentless activity, will it recognize the good life when at last it is built? Will it ever take time to examine it, to enjoy it, to live it? When the second and third and fourth five-year plans are over, what kind of Moscow shall we see? Will it be a great city like, for example, New York? Will automobiles rush about the streets, will buildings reach halfway to the clouds, will the new subways, built to expedite traffic, be crowded to the car doors with pushing, unseeing passengers, intent on nothing but to get somewhere in a hurry?

* * * * *

NOTHING is more necessary in a government as well-intentioned and intelligent as the Soviet government is than to take thought about these matters. The Drifter is convinced that the complete absence of the profit system in this great metropolitan Moscow will not make up for the rush of urban life, for the crowding of thousands in space which is too small for them, for the necessity of caring for the living and transportation needs of fresh thousands, urged to the city by its multifarious attractions, who in turn will add to the overcrowding and the need for haste. It may well be that one whole five-year plan in Soviet Russia might be devoted to the redistribution of population, and that it should be forbidden for any city to hold more than 50,000 persons. For if one must live in an apartment house with fifty other families and ride back and forth to work in a conveyance jammed to the doors with jostling humanity, the Drifter thinks the choice between Moscow and New York is much narrower than the champions of the Russian millennium would have us believe.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Florinsky to Mr. Fischer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read with much interest the review of my book "World Revolution and the U. S. S. R." by Louis Fischer which appeared in *The Nation* of January 17. There are two criticisms in his review to which I would ask your permission to make a reply.

Mr. Fischer accuses me of misquoting Lenin and then ridiculing him on the basis of the misquotation. My "misquotation" consists in using the term "dialectician" for "theorist" (which I prefer to Mr. Fischer's "theoretician") in the following sentence from Lenin's so-called "testament":

> Bukharin is not only the most valuable and most important *theorist* [I said *dialectician*] of the party but also is deservedly looked upon as the favorite of the entire party; nevertheless, his theoretical views can hardly be accepted as truly Marxian because there is something scholastic about him. He was never trained in dialectics and, I think, never fully understood them.

Commenting on this statement, I added:

> How a man who was never trained in the dialectic method and never fully understood it could in spite of this be the party's "most valuable and important dialectician" is perhaps as difficult to comprehend as the application of the dialectic method itself.

Lenin's "testament," as far as I know, was never officially published by the Soviet government. We have therefore to seek its contents from secondary sources. I took my text from the 1930 edition of Gaisinsky's book published in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, I am unable to obtain it in New York. In my note taken in Berlin in 1932 the term "dialectician" is used. I am, however, perfectly willing to admit that I am guilty of a *lapsus calami,* especially since the quotation in question appears in the form given by Mr. Fischer in the 1931 enlarged and revised edition of Gaisinsky's which I was able to consult. But what I completely fail to see is how this slip in quoting Lenin, which I regret, may be construed as affecting my conclusions. Surely Mr. Fischer is the last person to suggest that training in dialectics and their understanding is not essential to "the most important *theorist* of the party." What is a Marxian theorist if he is not a dialectician? I leave it to you to decide whether Mr. Fischer's description of my remark as a "wet little squib fired by a Columbia teacher at N. Lenin" really helps the cause Mr. Fischer champions.

There is one other of Mr. Fischer's criticisms to which I would like to make an answer. He remarks that the six lines I devote to the Stalin-Trotzky controversy over the Chinese revolution "are completely wrong." "Florinsky says that Stalin wanted a Chinese Soviet republic and that Trotzky attacked him for that." Had I made the statement ascribed to me I should certainly have deserved Mr. Fischer's verdict that "this

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mistake on so fundamental a question is a heavy count against the author." The incriminating six lines are as follows: "Moscow under the guidance of Stalin and the Cominterns spared neither effort nor money to create a Chinese Soviet republic. It was a policy that was bitterly attacked by the Opposition and by Trotzky, who laid the failure of the Chinese revolution at the door of its advisers from Moscow." A brief statement of this kind is necessarily incomplete. What I meant to say—and I think this is reasonably clear from the general trend of my argument—was that the *methods* used by Stalin for bringing eventually into existence a Chinese Soviet republic were criticized by Trotzky and his friends. Surely Mr. Fischer has no intention of implying that it was Stalin's purpose to organize a lasting bourgeois regime in China? Was not the establishment of a Chinese Soviet republic Stalin's ultimate aim? Why, then, is the author to be blamed if Mr. Fischer chooses to put in two brief sentences an interpretation which is incompatible with the general argument of the book and which, as he himself rightly says, is not logical? Unless, of course, one assumes that I have completely overlooked the Stalin-Trotzky Chinese controversy. But if this assumption were true, Mr. Fischer would hardly be justified in saying that I know the Russian Communist sources well and that in my book "the changing Bolshevik ideas are presented in orderly, academic, faithful fashion," as he very generously does.

New York, January 15 MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY

Unemployment in Italy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

John Strachey's review, An Elaborate Imposture, in your issue of October 18, has just come to my notice. No doubt when Signor Pitigliani, whose book is taken to task by Mr. Strachey, returns from his journey to Egypt, he will be able to contest many of the amazing assertions contained in the article, but pending his return I trust you will allow me to point out two outstanding inaccuracies—to use no stronger term. Mr. Strachey quotes Signor Pitigliani's figures to prove that wages in Italy went down between 1928 and 1932, but he forgets to mention that the prices of essential commodities likewise declined. The average level of the cost of living during that period declined from 491.36 (the figure for 1913 being taken as equal to 100) to 309.91. Or to put it in another way, the purchasing power of the lira during that period rose from 20.35 to 32.27.

Secondly, Mr. Strachey states that out of 3,486,881 industrial workers 1,000,000 are unemployed. He omits to explain that the million referred to is the total figure of unemployed, including not only industrial workers but also agricultural workers, who are the most numerous class in the country, besides commercial employees and other salaried workers. The percentage of unemployed to the total population is thus considerably smaller in Italy than in Great Britain, Germany, the United States, and other countries.

London, December 6 LUIGI VILLARI

[Mr. Strachey writes: "Yes, of course, the price level has gone down in Italy during the slump as it has gone down in every other capitalist country. This only sustains my point that fascism makes no difference whatever to the nature of capitalism. As to the million unemployed including industrial and agricultural workers, what does Mr. Villari mean by "agricultural workers"? If he means wage workers on some of the big estates, I dare say he is right. But in that case, they are certainly not 'the most numerous class in the country.' The most numerous class in the country are, of course, peasants, and how could a peasant be unemployed? A peasant is never unemployed. The effect of the economic crisis on the peasant is the opposite of its effect upon the worker. It deprives the worker of all work and therefore of the means of subsistence, while it makes the peasant work twice as hard in order to get enough from his produce to sustain himself and his family. The recent hunger riots of the peasants in Italy have amply revealed that fascism has not warded off the crisis from the Italian peasants. Incidentally, it is noticeable that Mr. Villari does not even attempt to challenge the main contention of my review, which was that the corporative state has remained entirely on paper."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Correction from Mr. Creel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just been handed the article in your issue of December 20, 1933, by Miriam Allen deFord, in which she makes this statement:

> The pickers went on strike for a dollar a hundred; the compromise on which settlement was made was seventy-five cents. The difference, the growers were given to understand, would be made up by a grant of a million dollars from the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley, but when the growers had grudgingly accepted the higher rate, they were calmly informed by George Creel, the NRA regional director, who, with Timothy Reardon of the State Industrial Board, had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the compromise, that he did not mean they would get any more money—he meant that they had already received a federal loan of a million dollars in the past.

This statement is absolutely false. At no time were the growers told that the Federal Land Bank would give them a grant of one million dollars. The article that appeared in the local press to this effect was based upon an incredible misunderstanding with Governor Rolph. At a conference I told him that the government had a million-dollar lien on the San Joaquin cotton crop, and when he met the newspapermen he informed them that I had stated that the growers would be given one million dollars.

The assumption that the Federal Land Bank, or any other government agency, would give one million dollars to any set of employers in order to supplement wages is a stupidity on its face.

San Francisco, January 15 GEORGE CREEL,
Chairman, San Francisco Regional Labor Board

Streamlined Cars

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

The exigencies of space seem to have eliminated a small part of my article on streamlined cars that contained what I consider necessary qualifying material. The gist was that there are other fully streamlined models in the offing besides the one mentioned, the "Dymaxion"; that it is possible that some of them are better, although their designers have so far kept their results in their own back yards and thus earned no public gratitude; that there are necessarily "bugs" in any new mechanical product which only general use can take out; that low mass-production prices are proved possible rather than actually achieved to date. This does not change the force of the figures showing that real streamlining will effect immense economies and improvements over the neither-flesh-nor-fowl offerings in the general market to-day.

New York, February 10 DOUGLAS HASKELL

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A *Nation* Dinner

To the Editors of The Nation:

The sixth annual dinner of the *Nation* Club of San Francisco will be held at the Western Women's Club on Friday evening, February 23, in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard, who will be the chief speaker. Alexander Meiklejohn is to be chairman. Reservations at $1.25 each may be had by writing to the undersigned at 775 Guerrero Street.

San Francisco, February 7 Sophie Greenberg

German Students Abroad

To the Editors of The Nation:

According to the German idea of university freedom, it is customary for students to go from one university to another within the country, and credit is even allowed for a few semesters spent at foreign universities. At present students who wish to get credit for matriculation at a foreign university must show before they leave Germany that are able to do propaganda. Men who are unable because of physical incapacity to do *Wehrpflicht* (military training consisting of one night march a week, two day marches, and military drill with arms) can serve the fatherland by doing two semesters of propaganda at some foreign university.

A few capable students who do not sympathize with the present regime tell me how futile it would be for them to apply for scholarships for study abroad, as they are not given to those who do not belong to some sort of National Socialist organization. This may be something for the international student exchange to consider. Not only is every German student a potential propagandist, but attempts are made to use every sort of German student organization in foreign countries for such purposes.

Basel, Switzerland, January 10 A. B.

Help for Hitler Victims

To the Editors of The Nation:

January 30 marked the first anniversary of the Hitler regime. Since coming into power, Hitler has succeeded in strengthening his hold upon those who oppose him. Jews and Christians, intellectuals and trade unionists, pacifists, liberals, Socialists, and Communists—all are alike made to suffer.

The International Relief Association, through its American Committee, appeals in behalf of all those who need help, regardless of race, creed, or politics, to *Nation* readers to give material and moral support to those fellow men and women who are being so sorely tried. Not only does the International Relief Association extend help to German refugees but it distributes relief as widely as possible within Germany, through underground channels. By its financial assistance to the families of those imprisoned, the International Relief Association, operating on the strictest non-partisan, non-sectarian basis, gives to the victims of Hitlerism the strength to endure.

Contributions should be made payable to Freda Kirchwey, Treasurer, American Committee of the International Relief Association, and mailed to Room 401, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

New York, January 30 Sterling D. Spero, Secretary

2nd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physician to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
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Books, Films, Drama

Lenin the Man

Lenin. By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

RALPH FOX has performed a very great service by giving the world a biography of Lenin which is both attractive and accurate. To say that his book is the best biography of Lenin so far issued in English would be to damn it with faint praise. For the English biographies—with the exception of a monograph by Mirsky, which is an account of Leninism rather than of Lenin—have been beneath contempt. They have combined an inconceivable political illiteracy with gross inaccuracies of fact and the worst type of sensationalism in presentation. It was urgently necessary that these books should be swept into the dustbin by a plain straightforward account of Lenin's life by a man who knew the facts and had read the relevant documents in Russian, and who understood the theory and practice of communism. But Ralph Fox has done more than write such a workaday biography. Fox is a novelist, and he has brought his sensitive perception of human beings and of human character to his task of portraying Lenin as a man.

If we all had Lenin's intellect, and if our emotions were all wholly controlled by our intellects, it would, indeed, be unnecessary to write a biography of Lenin the man. We could all go straight to the study of Leninism as a part of dialectical materialism. But we are not like this. On the contrary we are creatures governed more by emotion than by what intellect we have, and it is imperatively necessary that the case for Lenin and Leninism should be first presented to us in a way which arouses our imagination, our interest, and our sympathy. It is this job which Ralph Fox has done so well. This is an ideal book to put in the hands of the man who is wholly innocent of either the theory or the history of the working-class movement, but who "wants to know about Lenin."

Here is Fox's picture of Lenin as a boy: "This boy of sixteen was not good-looking like his elder brother Sasha, but he was much more talkative and lively, in a sharp, sarcastic way"; and here is a curious account of Lenin's capacity to throw himself passionately into the interest of the moment:

> When something captured his imagination Volodya [Lenin] gave himself to it fantastically, whole-heartedly. Skating thus fascinated him as a boy, and he spent day after day on the ice, half drunk with the dry frozen air of those middle-Volga steppes, till by a great effort of will he tore himself away from the ice altogether, completely gave up skating, which threatened to absorb his whole attention. A little later he did the same with chess.

The book is divided into four parts: The First Steps; The Forging of the Party; On the Eve; Revolution. The foregoing quotations are from the first part, which has been strongly criticized by certain reviewers for its "personal" and, indeed, intimate note. The criticism appears to rest on an active misconception of the task which Fox had set himself. His object was to write a popular biography—not an introduction to Leninism. That an introduction to Leninism—to supplement Stalin's work—is needed no one will dispute. Indeed, one trusts that Fox's critics are hard at work producing it. But to deduce from this that there was no need for a popular biography seems to me to show an alarming lack of realism on the part of some of our writers. They appear to have given way, a little, to a certain childish desire to appear learned; to appear to scorn the simple task of introducing the whole subject of Lenin to people to whom he is no more than a name; to regard the discussion of advanced theory as alone of value. One can imagine what Lenin would have said of such an attitude. He who loved simplicity and directness this side of idolatry might well have been very sharp on this subject.

Indeed, the three earlier parts of Fox's book are, to anyone who has taken the trouble to understand the purpose for which it was written, the most satisfactory. The real criticism which can be made is that the concluding chapters of the fourth part, which deal with Lenin's life from October, 1917, to his death in 1924, are totally inadequate. But this is in fact to criticize Fox for attempting the impossible. Either he should have written at least another 50,000 words, or he should have given the story of the first year of the revolution—with which Lenin's life had become indissolubly bound—in some detail, or, and this would perhaps have been the best policy of all, he should have finished his story with the Bolshevist accession to power, reserving the account of Lenin in power for a second volume. All sorts of other criticism of the book could be made: it would not be untrue, for example, to say that it is unworthy of its subject. It does not quite convey the size of Lenin. But Fox has a complete answer to any such criticisms. He has only to tell us to go and write a better book on the same subject. And until someone has done that he is secure in the knowledge that he, at any rate, has had the courage to tackle this tremendous subject, while his critics have attempted nothing.

And when all is said and done, what a valuable contribution Fox has made to the presentation of the truth about Lenin and the party of Lenin! The book is full of passages which make one think of analogies with the present situation in America. The account of Lenin's meeting with Father Gapon, the leader of the workers' procession on Bloody Sunday in 1905, is extremely interesting. Fox quotes a description by Krupskaya—Lenin's wife—of the difference between Gapon and the Bolshevists:

> To live illegally, to go hungry, and remain totally anonymous, was quite different to speaking at crowded meetings without any risk at all. The organizing of gun-running could only be done by people of quite a different revolutionary stamp from Gapon, people prepared to make any unadvertised sacrifices.

Today another priest is carrying on quasi-revolutionary agitation in America. One wonders if the analogy with Gapon will work itself out any farther.

Fox also quotes Lenin's great dictum on the gold standard. Lenin had no illusions about the necessity for capitalism of an objective money commodity such as gold. But he wrote:

> When we conquer on a world scale we shall, I think, use gold for making public lavatories in the streets of the great cities of the world. That would be the most "just" and graphically edifying use of gold for the generations which have not forgotten that for gold ten million people were massacred and thirty million crippled in the "great liberation" war of 1914-18.

Best of all is Lenin's contrasting of the closing sessions of the bourgeois Constituent Assembly with the opening sessions of the Congress of the Soviets, which were both taking place in what is now Leningrad in the very first days of the Bolshevik power.

> There [wrote Lenin] in the old world of bourgeois parliamentarianism the leaders of hostile classes and hostile groups of the bourgeoisie have been fencing. Here in the new world of the proletarian-peasant state, the oppressed classes are crudely, clumsily making. . . .

In 1917 the contrast applied to two worlds within Russia. Today it has a wider meaning. In Russia the oppressed classes are still crude, are still clumsy, but they are still making. They have made a whole new civilization. And in the rest of the

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world the hostile groups of the bourgeoisie are still fencing. Finally there is Fox's attempt at an estimate of Lenin.

> The world today is full of dictators and would-be dictators. A moment's glance at any one of them is sufficient to convince one that Lenin was not such a "dictator." He was a man made in the mold of Lincoln or Cromwell, very simple, very rugged, very great, fully conscious of his own importance in the history of the world, but who never gazed at himself in the mirror of history, never in his life made a false gesture, played at heroics, or spoke hysterically. . . . If in the world's history there have been few men his equal, it is only because the great tragedy of that history has been that the talents of men have been wasted, mocked, suppressed, and vilely extinguished by the ferocity of human society.

No one with any practical knowledge of politics can possibly doubt that Fox has performed a great service to the British and American working class by writing this book.

JOHN STRACHEY

When Wars End

The Unforgotten Prisoner. By R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

THIS book, equally important by reason of faults which have a special significance today and virtues which this reviewer, at any rate, feels to be indisputable, is the faintly bizarre and romantically concluded story of Klaus, the illegitimate son of an Englishman, Charles Saggard, and a German woman, Hedwig von Schlingen, who, at the apex of a young love affair, have been firmly disunited by those stock figures of twenty-five years of fiction—Victorian parents. The father of Charles is a canon of the English church, the mother of Hedwig is a distinctly hard-boiled baroness, and the German-English child is heir to both warring traditions and the tragedy of his parentage.

It seems a pity that the author chose unnecessarily to complicate the presentation of his theme by giving whole slices of narrative in the form of first-person reminiscences by John Saggard, elder brother of Charles, interspersing these with third-person recordings of events as witnessed sometimes by Klaus, sometimes by subsidiary characters, who emerge for us during a few pages, then disappear. It is a clumsy device and may tend to deflect appreciation from writing that, when most successful, has a compelling power and a massive and illuming accuracy. John Saggard is urged to recount his relationship with his bastard nephew because of an odd coincidence of the war which affected his own emotions and his life. A German spy whom he detects, reports, imprisons, and, as commanding officer of the moment, orders shot, turns out to be the husband Hedwig von Schlingen took as a stepfather for her baby. The spy is executed; he is the "unforgotten prisoner." When the war is over, John makes a pilgrimage to Germany to discover and, if possible, assist the widow and her child, who, unknown to other members of the Saggard family, is of course the child of his own brother.

It is a lurid tale which follows, but easily corroborated facts about that era when Germany paid most heavily of all nations for the war debauch are lurid, too. Hedwig and the pathological but touching Klaus undergo no merely fabulous trials. Klaus, as a symbol for pacifist propaganda, speaks with a more harrowing pathos than do those adult victims of warfare made familiar in such plays as "Journey's End" and such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The Gothic horror which accumulates in him begins to affect the reader sympathetically when the boy runs away from "the Abbey," a Roman Catholic institution to which his mother, in her desperation, has sent him to make certain that he will be safe and fed. The food is poor enough and the discipline severe, and when a jealous classmate who has heard Klaus read English fluently taunts him as an "Englishman," a crisis is precipitated which impels the child to escape his mentors and return again to his mother. But when he finds her, grief and privation have reduced her to insane apathy; Klaus, at thirteen or fourteen, is instantly burdened with responsibilities which would be too much for a grown man. After her death, when he is left in the stricken town of Birnewald, without a human attachment, he and an adolescent girl waif, Berta, join other starving malcontents who have intrenched themselves in an abandoned piano factory from which not even the military can dislodge them until machine-guns are turned on the place. Klaus and Berta escape. Klaus, as a stowaway, reaches England.

The flight from the Abbey and the siege of the factory hold the magnificent nightmare flavors that are in portions of "Wuthering Heights," though the inspiration, as we know, is quite literal and all too modern. If Mr. Hutchinson, addressing us perhaps through the compassionate and gently facetious John Saggard and that subtle clown, Lanair, had been able to face ultimate conclusions from often superbly assembled data, we should have had a great English novel. Even the chuckles induced by the cricket match described in one of the early sections would reveal a writer of kindly satiric talents. The emotional range between this mood and moods tremendously oppressive is a considerable and unusual achievement.

But in its ultimate intention, which is a plea for the revival of a Christian spirit, the book is anti-climactic. With the inception of the "Paul and Virginia" motif of Berta and Klaus, something sentimentally evasive, ineffectually *too* amiable, creeps into a fine text, until, in the very last chapter, all dwindles to poetic platitude and stale parable.

There are doubting allusions to communism in the book, and this reviewer is in personal agreement with the author, who thinks many Communists "muddle" their philosophy. But if they disguise from themselves, with euphemistic moralizing, the final logic of their materialism, Mr. Hutchinson shies similarly before committing himself to the last pessimism of fact—a pessimism which ought to be the sincerest and soundest apologia for religion. That religious experience, solitary, and with so many nearly incommunicable ingredients, *is*, we can recognize only symptomatically, by its effect on deeds, and by intimations in the expression of the most profound poets. Mr. Hutchinson, toward the end of his novel, gives another horrid example of what any devil of propaganda can do in the way of destroying gods and muses. Yet we are still helplessly grateful for preceding passages.

EVELYN SCOTT

A Study in Extremes

Strindberg. By G. A. Campbell. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

THIS precise, well-tabulated little biography enables us to view synoptically one of the most remarkable careers of modern times and to see at a glance its persistent and decisive features. One never ceases to be amazed at Strindberg's versatility, his violent extremes, and his passion for confession. Not content with the production of fifty-six plays—historical, naturalistic, symbolic, mystical, religious, even fairy plays—Strindberg turned out many good novels, histories, lyrics, short stories, and fairy tales, and still found time to write on Chinese culture, economics, botany, and geology, and to devote years to chemical experiments. In the meantime his autobiography increased volume by volume and all his works were strewn with the most shocking self-betrayal. For what was the

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use of having secrets unless one could tell them—and repent?

No poet but Goethe can match the breadth and versatility of Strindberg's writings, his devotion to experimental science, or his proneness to honest confession. In these respects they join hands, so to speak, across a century, but Goethe did not show any of Strindberg's passion for extremes, and in this respect, indeed, they were opposites. While the Swedish writer on his long road "to Damascus" swung violently between the extremities of atheism and Christianity, aristocracy and socialism, naturalism and mysticism, woman-worship and woman-hatred, always destroying his old gods before moving on to the new, Goethe never rejected his old gods at all but only made additions and corrections, weaving the contrary principles into an inclusive and harmonious world-view. Such a reconciliation with the world was naturally impossible to the drastic Strindberg, whose passionate addiction to one ideal always put him at war with the opposite principle and its supporters, and also with those who held to a middle ground; for compromise, he felt, was mere weakness or hypocrisy, and hence intolerable. But Strindberg's one-sided ardor was bound to bring out dialectically the exaggeration or contradiction inherent in his position and he was continually forced to the opposite ground, into the arms of his enemy. Thesis and antithesis were there, but no synthesis. It was "all or nothing," as his master Kierkegaard had said, and the compromise of a Hegel or a Goethe was excluded. Thus while Strindberg moved from one position or work to another by the pressure of contradiction, Goethe advanced through a lack of contradiction, by a harmonious extension. The one type is always the rebel, too extreme for radicals and conservatives alike; while the other is the eternal liberal.

V. J. McGILL

A Novel About the "Trouble"

Shake Hands with the Devil. By Rearden Conner. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

NOVELISTS are both born and made. The natural story-teller can turn the most trivial incident into fiction, but the "made" novelist needs the accident of some striking first-hand experience to catapult him into print. The World War brought forth a crop of novelists of the second kind. A young man of little talent but moderate sensibility who could cast into printable form his four bad years in the trenches might skyrocket briefly into prominence, and then be heard no more. I suggest that Rearden Conner, author of "Shake Hands with the Devil," the Literary Guild choice for February, is a member of this second group. He is luckier than the novelists the war created, for his first-hand experience was of a more unusual and even more sensational variety.

He lived through the bloody Irish civil war of the years 1918 to 1922, and he has now written a book about the events which he witnessed. His material is more exciting than the war novelists' material, because he tells of guerilla warfare, a form of combat essentially more stirring than organized, open slaughter, since it depends upon individual feats of skill and daring. The war between the Sinn Feiners and the Black and Tans was carried on almost entirely in ambush. It had no trenches, no lines of battle. It exploded only in street riots, kidnappings, incendiarism, night raids, and swift reprisals. The Irish Republican Army was a group of desperate outlaws, organized on principles very much like those of the American gang. It demanded absolute loyalty; death was the only escape from the I. R. A. It demanded, moreover, complete, cold, and logical ruthlessness of its men. So uncertain was their existence that, for fear of betrayal, they were forced to murder not only those whom they knew to be their enemies, but those who they half suspected might be dangerous. They could not stop short of shooting a friendly, talkative prostitute down in cold blood, nor could they afford to feel superstitious Catholic fear when they killed a priest in the sanctuary of the church. Only by such measures could they feel security, and security was vital to the life of their cause.

Unquestionably the story of this strange, romantic, and terrible war needed to be told, and much credit is due Mr. Conner for having been the first to set it forth at length. But Mr. Conner is to be praised only for presenting the facts, not for his method of presentation. Himself deeply shocked by the senseless cruelties of the "trouble," he has set about to convey that shock to the reader in a very amateurish fashion. Like many of his predecessors, the short-lived war novelists, he has an idea that events will seem more horrible if relayed to the reader by an extremely sensitive character. Unfortunately, this is not often true. Acute sensibility, especially in the awkward hands of a green novelist, very quickly becomes ridiculous; the reader tends to discount the character's statements, and the horrors are minimized. Certainly, this is the case with Kerry Sutton, Mr. Conner's hero and alter ego. Kerry is a harmless medical student, half English, who is drawn into the I. R. A. against his will as the result of a street riot. His creator evidently intended him to be regarded as a sane and admirable young man, trapped in a world where sanity had no place. But as a matter of fact, the character that emerges is a nincompoop who lounges about, falls in love three times, prattles about "the balanced mind," and moons over John Masefield and Rupert Brooke, while the bullets whiz round his ears. Throughout his experiences at the munitions headquarters of the I. R. A. he clings to a lukewarm conviction that both sides are in the right, which he carries even to his death at the hands of the Tans.

Mr. Conner has made his hero so synthetic a character that even the very real revolution seems a little stagy. With no humor and so weak a grasp of character, Mr. Conner should not have been seduced by his material into writing a novel, especially an Irish novel. A dispassionate, orderly statement of fact would have been a more effective, if less elegant, method of presenting the Irish civil war to the world.

MARY McCARTHY

Upton Sinclair's Utopia

I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty. A True Story of the Future. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.

UPTON SINCLAIR, at fifty-five, after professing and preaching socialism most of his life, has turned to the right. He has abandoned the hope of abolishing capitalism by substituting for it a cooperative commonwealth, and has embarked upon a scheme for reforming the industrial system of the State of California by working through the Democratic Party. He has entered the forthcoming primaries as a candidate for governor, and if he should win the nomination, will contest the election with the Republicans next November. Mr. Sinclair sets forth his program in a booklet bearing the title above. Using a novelist's prerogative, he chooses to regard his scheme as already accomplished and writes of it in the past tense, looking back from the end of his term in 1938. He takes as his campaign slogan a promise to "end poverty in California." This somewhat ambitious project the optimistic Mr. Sinclair expects to accomplish within *two years*, granted that the voters give him a legislature to back his plans. Mr. Sinclair proposes, first, to acquire farm lands and put men to work on them in supervised and—so far as is necessary—subsidized agricul-

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ture. Second, he would take over idle factories and put industrial workers to making goods in them. Payment at the outset would be largely in scrip. Capital would be obtained through a popular bond subscription in denominations as small as $10, some bonds running for as short a period as thirty days, others for longer periods. In so far as the program is not self-liquidating it would be paid for eventually by steep income and inheritance taxes intended to bear chiefly upon the well-to-do.

Mr. Sinclair is a skilful propagandist and may win many Democrats to his support. He may win some few Republicans also. He will not win many scientific Socialists. They will regard his vision as only one more reformist effort doomed to failure because of the intention to set it up within the capitalist system, with the certainty that the latter will sabotage, corrupt, and stifle it before it can fairly raise its head. Just the same, it would be a splendid eventuality if Mr. Sinclair might be nominated and elected. For he promises to fulfil his program in so short a space of time that it would afford a speedy demonstration, invaluable alike to those who hold it to be feasible and to those who view it as impossible sentimentalism.

ARTHUR WARNER

Palestine: A Summary

Modern Palestine. A Symposium. Edited by Jessie Sampter. New York: Hadassah. $2.50.

Beside Galilee. A Diary in Palestine. By Hector Bolitho. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

THE authoritative compilation "Modern Palestine" appears at an opportune moment. Zion is again in the news. Local bulletins and returning travelers tell of steady consolidation of the Jewish settlements in the ancient land, of a constant infiltration of capital and colonists, and, amid the crash of the Western world, of a surprising economic stability. German Jews, some thousands of them, are discovering a new meaning in the old phrase "a Jewish homeland." Meanwhile, the Arabs are parading in protest. They do not want stability at the price of more Jews. It is the right time to take stock of the Zionist enterprise. The present book, published by the Women's Zionist Organization of America, furnishes an excellent inventory for the purpose.

A score of experts have summarized the history of Zionism, with special and perhaps too much emphasis on the part played by American Jews; the growth of the rural and urban settlements in Palestine; and the present status of agriculture, industry, commerce, health, culture, administration, and Arab-Jewish and Jewish-British relations. While the writers are mainly concerned with presenting the accomplishments and purposes of the Jew, no effort is made to distort the lot and claims of the Arab or to gloss over the difficulties arising either from the ungrateful nature of the soil or from the complications of Arab and British politics.

Money has been lacking and immigration has never been free; yet the Jewish population has risen since the war from about 80,000 to 180,000—or to within one-fifth of the total population. The purchase of land has been hindered by legal and economic difficulties, and free land has never been available; yet Jewish ownership has mounted, in the same dozen or so years, from about 112,000 acres to 300,000 acres—or to one-tenth of the total cultivable area; while the Jewish rural population has climbed from 15,000 to about 40,000. High tariffs and, until recently, meager power resources have handicapped the growth of industry; but not enough to prevent an expansion from 1,200 enterprises with £1,000,000 capital, employing 2,000 workers in 1920, to about 3,000 enterprises with an invested capital of more than £5,000,000, employing 20,000 workers (Arab and Jewish included). The absolute figures may seem small, but only Soviet Russia can show a similarly rapid rate of growth—and one unchecked by the world crisis.

Both agriculture and industry teem with social and economic experiments. The description of the diverse types of organization used in the production, marketing, and consumption of goods—ranging from conventional capitalism to a communist sharing of neckties which Russia alone dreams of, when she gets the neckties—reads like a dictionary of social science.

The Arabs have proved and still prove the greatest obstacle to Jewish development, for British tepidity and resistance are nourished solely on Arab discontent. Yet if the analysis given by a Palestinian in the present volume is correct, the situation is not hopeless. The bulk of rural Palestine is owned by a few Effendi, most of them absentee landlords; and the Arab peasant suffers from extortionate rent, high taxes, and primitive equipment. Not the Jew but a medieval land system is his true enemy. If he can be persuaded to recognize this fact, if he can be made to realize the advantages that Jewish capital and enterprise have already brought to the Arab workers and peasants, and if he can be induced to join forces with Jewish organized labor in the field and shop, as he has already done on the railroads, a united population of Arab and Jew will assure the future of the country. But this means that the Arab must repudiate his Effendi-made nationalism and the Zionist must surrender his exclusiveness—on neither side an impossible feat. The slow pace of Jewish effort in this direction is the chief indictment one can draw against the Zionist enterprise.

In the description of Palestinian education, arts, science, and letters, especially of the astonishing revival of Hebrew, we can catch an understanding of the spirit which moves these stony mountains of Zion. It is a flaming single-track spirit, like any other form of nationalism and communism, a spirit which calls the purchase of farm acres "the redemption of the land," a spirit which must prove very trying to Arab and British nerves; but without it the Jew could have accomplished nothing. Now that the Jews have a secure foothold on the land, it remains to be seen whether this spirit can discipline itself to the point of freely cooperating with the Arab and winning his loyalty to a common united Palestine.

The extent to which it has proved trying to at least one set of British nerves may be judged from Hector Bolitho's diary of a few weeks' sojourn in Palestine. The author of "Beside Galilee" is not impartial, but—the next best thing to it—he is candid. All his life, he admits, he has disliked Jews. Crossing the Suez, he shivered with physical repulsion at the prospect of entering their land. Once there, Jewish energy naturally disconcerted him and tired him out. "I gravitated away from these earnest Zionists, toward the drowsy Moslems. It is my nature and pleasure to do so. I like these less efficient Arabs." Albert Cohen was apparently right when he said, in "Solal," that the world does not like people who are too much alive. It is Mr. Bolitho's privilege to prefer Arabs to Jews, but as a result his diary, mostly devoted to poetic musings on piping shepherds, Arab domes, and memories of New Zealand childhood, tells us little of Zion beyond the fact that Arabs are picturesque, that many of them hate the Jews, and that the British far from home are to be pitied—as they are in India—for having caught themselves between two fires. A little more, and the British too will begin to suffer from a persecution mania. And like all sentimentalists, Mr. Bolitho cannot forgive the Jews for trying to acquire a homeland by honorable purchase and open-handed peaceful economic development. "The hideous nightmare in Zionism comes with the recollection that they are *buying* their land instead of fighting for it." To win Mr. Bolitho's admiration they should, of course, subjugate the Arabs by slaughter, as his own New Zealand pioneers once subjugated the Maoris.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

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Shorter Notices

Twentieth Century Music: How It Developed, How to Listen to It. By Marion Bauer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

As a general orientation of the purposes and methods characterizing contemporary music this succinct yet compendious work is highly provocative. Those who seek the salient facts about a multiplicity of men and movements will find a great assortment of such information here, with a thorough index to increase its availability. Those who are interested in noting the connection between the emotional and technical espects of music will find equally much of value. And as for those who might go to a work on music not for its specific bearing upon this art alone but for the glimpses they may get into cultural issues in general, they will find few books more "barometric" than this one by Miss Bauer. There is a great deal of material bearing upon that bewildering complex of post-Renaissance emphases, which are somehow felt to be integrally related for all their differences: "freedom," innovation, invention, "progress," romanticism, rationalism, nationalism, internationalism, neo-primitivism, individualism and individualistic mysticism, psychologism, subjectivism, realism, impressionism, expressionism, and then, with the rhythmical and tonal resources "freed" almost to the point of chaos, the search for some kind of neo-classical emphasis which will be a "return" without being a "reversion." Miss Bauer herself looks forward to a new romanticism; and indeed, when one considers the contemporary concern with atonality and polytonality, "polyharmony," "polyrhythm," dissonant counterpoint, quarter-tones, and jazz, one must at least admit that the cards seem strongly stacked against the ideals of repose and "renunciation" which characterized classicism as we have known it.

Lynching and the Law. By J. H. Chadbourn. The University of North Carolina Press. $2.

This is a carefully documented study, made under the general auspices of the Southern Commission for the Study of Lynching, of actual existing legislation with regard to lynching in the various States and of how it is enforced. In addition, Mr. Chadbourn makes proposals for legislation which may be more effective in preventing this particular crime. It may be said in brief that in the majority of States adequate legislation is now on the statute books to deal quickly and punitively with lynchers—and that in general such legislation is not adequately invoked. Mr. Chadbourn's investigations also make emphatic refutation of the charge that prompt justice in the courts would prevent lynchings. The percentage of lynchings that take place after protracted court action is extremely small. In most cases the lynching takes place either before the accused is ever brought to jail, while he is being held in jail awaiting the court sitting, or at the close of a court session that has found him guilty—or more rarely innocent—in short order, sometimes within twenty-four hours of apprehending him. Mr. Chadbourn's book is an invaluable compilation of facts without which no intelligent approach to the subject of lynching can be made.

Prolegomena. By Aaron Tani Rosen. Brooklyn: Domino Press.

A first book of poems by a very, very young poet still somewhat obsessed with sex and given to throwing words around. The influence of Hart Crane and Cummings is evident. Nevertheless, this young poet has a kind of originality and daring which may some day result in his writing good poetry. At present he is totally without the ability to criticize his own work. Amazing lines are struck off, some very fine, but there are almost no whole poems that are good.

Films

Nana: Hollywood Model

ONE departs from the luxurious spectacle into which Mr. Samuel Goldwyn has transformed the drab pages of Emile Zola's "Nana" with the uncomfortable feeling that one has assisted at an extremely delicate and rather ghastly surgical operation. The body has lain before us all the while; we cannot pretend not to have recognized certain well-remembered features of its outline; but although it has gone through many of the motions of life, we have known that the brain has been completely and absolutely removed. Having been successfully operated on, like one of those unfortunate dogs in a Pavlov experiment, it has continued to shudder, groan, and twist itself into all sorts of agonized postures. How successfully Mr. Goldwyn has performed his operation on the body of Zola's novel may be judged by the fact that it is possible to sit through the whole of the picture "Nana" without suspecting for a moment that it might have some possible meaning or significance to the mind. With considerably more skill than Dreiser's thesis was eradicated from the Von Sternberg version of "An American Tragedy" has Zola's similar thesis, falling under the Hollywood scalpel, been eradicated from the sentimental costume-drama at the Radio City Music Hall. For it is not true that Mr. Goldwyn's assistants have left out any of the indispensable elements in the narrative development of Zola's story. The opening scenes show us Nana at her mother's grave and a little later scrubbing the floor of a dingy tenement kitchen, thus giving us an impression of the extreme poverty into which she is born and which she must struggle against in her life. The successive stages in her career as music-hall star and courtesan are likewise traced out more or less faithfully according to the order in the novel. And, what is perhaps most remarkable of all, she is required, at least in the version shown in New York, to commit suicide at the end. Everything is unquestionably there, the solid *terrain* of sociological fact which Zola believed all good novelists should establish in their melancholy fables. Everything is there, if one can only arrange the documents according to some principle of logic that will give them meaning. For it is idle to pretend that they have not been so rearranged in the film that it is practically impossible to extract any kind of meaning from them without a previous acquaintance with the point of view expressed in Zola's book. It is all a question of emphasis, or shall we say of focus, and Mr. Goldwyn has preferred to focus on the less sordid, less disturbing aspects of Nana's career rather than on those aspects which might provide some explanation for her adoption of such a career. The scenes of early poverty, for example, are altogether too few in proportion to those showing the glamorous life of a "gilded fly" in the dressing-rooms of Parisian music-halls and in Fontainebleau villas. Nana's career is made to seem too much like an unblocked pathway of roses before that meaningless pistol shot at the end. As a result, the effect of the picture, if it will have any effect at all, is almost certain to be the exact opposite of the effect that Zola had in mind in writing his book.

What Mr. Goldwyn has preferred to focus on, of course, is the physical attributes of a young actress out of Soviet Russia by the name of Anna Sten. Unfortunately it is impossible to report very clearly on either the personal appearance or the acting ability of this handsome new graduate of the Hollywood make-up laboratories. Watching Miss Sten, whose every syllable, every gesture, every movement of her almost completely despoiled eyelashes have been obviously rehearsed many times,

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becomes a painful nervous strain. Perhaps Miss Sten has a personality, but it will not be possible to distinguish it until she is permitted a little more freedom of movement and expression. The Third Empire settings with which Miss Sten is surrounded are equally handsome and artificial. It is rather too bad that so little is made of the influence of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, which is suggested in several scenes depicting characteristic Parisian life in the seventies. But, then, it is too bad that more was not made of a number of other opportunities present in the Zola story, which still awaits a proper recreation on the screen.

Undoubtedly the chief attraction of "La Frochard et les Deux Orphelines," which has just opened at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, is the presence of Yvette Guilbert in the cast. The film is better acted and produced than its old-fashioned material deserves; for the story is the same heavy admixture of historical melodrama and sentimental pathos that served the Gish sisters many years ago in a film called "Orphans of the Storm." Yvette Guilbert is superb in a minor role, and the direction of Maurice Tourneur is much above the usual level in French productions of this type.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Should a Woman Tell?

A PLAYWRIGHT ought not to write a play until after he has decided what it is going to be about. This rule—one of the few of which I feel perfectly sure—would seem to be more or less elementary, but even dramatists of some experience occasionally violate it with results well illustrated in "No Questions Asked," now current at the Masque Theater. The author of this piece, Miss Anne Morrison Chapin, has had a hand in previous plays, including one called "Pigs" which enjoyed some success. Moreover, she writes good dialogue, and she can present a scene in effective fashion when she has got hold of a scene to present, but it is perfectly evident that the only intention behind the present play was the intention to write a play. For a while it was called "Broken Doll," and at that time it was presumably thought of as something in the mood of a sentimental ballad; just before the opening the title was changed to the more "sophisticated" "No Questions Asked," but it might even more appropriately have been the good old standby "Should a Woman Tell?" for that would really indicate the theme from which the author makes persistent but unsuccessful efforts to escape.

It seems that the beautiful heroine had quarreled with her caddish lover just at the moment when she discovered that a child had been conceived. A gilded youth in a state of advanced intoxication interrupts her suicide and they are married—with admirable results so far as the character of the young man is concerned. Now passable plays have been written around this situation before now, and a passable play could doubtless be written again, but our author is determined not to face the cliché which is, after all, the only thing with which she has provided herself. Every time the confrontation seems imminent she introduces a new character or thinks up some more plot. As a result, the stage is so cluttered with secondary personages and the play so elaborately overplotted that by the time one finally reaches the scene which has been inevitable all along it seems even more banal than it needs to seem. Ross Alexander as the bibulous young man and Spring Byington as his wisely tolerant mother do the best they can, but it is not enough. "No Questions Asked" remains only a sort of crazy quilt put together out of innumerable and strangely ill-assorted fragments.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

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It has, moreover, as many moods as it has incidents. Sometimes it is melodrama, sometimes smart comedy, and sometimes good old-fashioned problem play. How was it that Alice described the flavor of the magic medicine? As I remember, there was a suggestion of ginger-beer, of lollypops, and just a *soupçon* of buttered toast.

"After Such Pleasures" (Bijou Theater) is an odd sort of entertainment based upon Dorothy Parker's volume of the same name. The sketches have not been exactly dramatized but merely turned into dialogues less like plays than like the skits utilized by Ruth Draper or Cornelia Otis Skinner. I am not sure that they really gain very much in presentation, but they are clever enough in themselves, and when one has adjusted oneself to their tenuous texture they furnish an amusing evening. In most of them an unfortunate young man listens to a dramatic monologue uttered in exhibitionistic ecstasy by some loathsome woman, and the nature of Mrs. Parker's malice is too well known to require description. Her range is narrow and the sketches are hardly more than elaborated gags, but such thumb-nail portraits as that of the young lady trying to readjust herself to American conditions after a three weeks' stay in Paris or that of a night-club habituée being broad-minded about meeting a Negro singer are as vivid as they are slight. Meditating upon Mrs. Parker's view of human nature I was struck by the fact that the one thing she will never grant one of her creatures is intelligence. Now and then there are faint suggestions of good humor and decency but never a spark of understanding. Some of her women are fatuous and some are witty, but the wits are fundamentally as stupid as the fools. That, indeed, is what gives to her malice its individual flavor. She cannot suffer even bright fools gladly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is the Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian.*

JAMES RORTY is writing a book on advertising, to be called "Advertising—Not to Praise," which will be published this spring.

EMIL LENGYEL, author of "Hitler" and "The Cauldron Boils," will publish at the end of this month a new book entitled "The New Deal in Europe."

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NEXT WEEK

in THE NATION's Literary Section

Kenneth Burke will review Gertrude Stein's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts."

Henry Hazlitt will review "Kemmerer on Money."

William Troy will review James Farrell's "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan."

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